

# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

# ILLUSTRATED.

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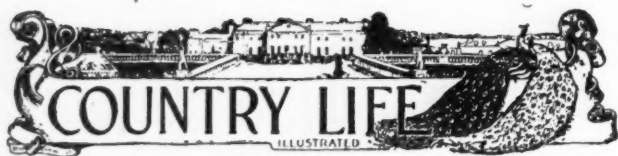
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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## REMODELLED . . . BUILDING BYE-LAWS.

WE are glad to announce to those numerous readers who are interested in country building that the Local Government Board has taken our criticism to heart. Only a few months ago the attitude of Mr. Walter Long was unbending. He told one of the many deputations that have waited on him, that nothing had been brought forward to convince him that the Model Bye-laws were not necessary to the securing of good sanitary cottages for the labouring classes. At the time some of our correspondents used rather hard words about the President of the Local Government Board, but these we did not endorse, as it seemed to us that the stream of facts was so overwhelming that a reasonable man would be obliged to give in at the end. When at the Board of Agriculture, Mr. Long, though resolute

almost to the point of obstinacy; could not be fairly described as unreasonable; and in yielding to logic on this occasion he has followed the dictates of common-sense. The Local Government Board has drawn up a greatly-modified code of regulations for use in the rural districts, and thus has frankly and honestly admitted the justice of our complaints, and indeed it was only a very great abuse that could tempt this journal into controversy. COUNTRY LIFE, as a rule, takes no part in the arguments and disputes of the day. Its main object is to portray whatever is healthy and beautiful and wholesome in that open-air life which is dear to the English people. But the Model Bye-laws were threatening a very grave interference with this. They operated to restrict and discourage building in those districts where new houses are much needed, and when this was not the result, they favoured not the construction of healthy detached dwellings, but the formation of hideous gardenless terraces. They might have been drawn up for the increase and perpetuation of discomfort and ugliness. Moreover, they are a stupid revival of the old intolerant mediæval spirit that dictated not only what a man was to do, but what he was to think. It was assumed in their clauses that everything had been found out about architecture and drainage and sanitation generally some time about the year 1875, when the Public Health Act was passed. But the very essence of progress is in experiment, and there can be no useful experiment without freedom of thought and action. The bye-laws said very sternly to the builder and the architect: "Everything has been found out about your craft or art; you must not try to invent or improve, but follow out these directions." They said so in still more emphatic terms to the sanitarian, who might as well have closed his laboratory but that there were other fields for him to work in. The bye-laws assumed, and, we are sorry to say, do so in their modified form, that certain very doubtful principles have been established for all time. They still, as we shall show presently, are a fatal obstacle to enlightened experiment.

It was this, which we do not hesitate to call wicked, effect of the bye-laws that we wished to attack, and not any particular Government department or official. Indeed, we have never hesitated to express a sincere respect for Mr. Walter Long, and a great appreciation of the Local Government Board. True, it is half-strangled with red tape, but that is the case with all officialdom at the present moment, and it is no worse than the War Office or the Education Department. At any rate, the necessity of reform has been fully admitted by the issue of these new regulations, and the justice of our criticism is very apparent even from a cursory comparison of the old and revised editions. One of our main contentions was that greater freedom should be allowed in the choice of material, particularly as regards timber, chalk, and thatch, and we are glad to say the clauses dealing with these are omitted altogether. That is one very important point gained. Another is that we appear to have exorcised the fire bogey from Whitehall. In the Model Bye-laws there was a bundle of elaborate clauses—"With respect to the structure of walls, foundations, roofs, and chimneys of new buildings, for securing stability and the prevention of fires, and for purposes of health." The modified bye-laws omit the words "roofs, and chimneys of new buildings, for securing stability and the prevention of fires." This is very sensible indeed, since it reduces the object purely and simply to "purposes of health." In wayside cottages those ridiculous precautions to ensure stability and prevent fires were most ridiculous. And in the first of the five clauses of which this part now consists, a suggestion we made is carried out to the letter, and instead of a hard-and-fast rule about a layer of cement 6in. thick, we have the saving clause: "Wherever the dampness of the site or the nature of the soil renders such a precaution necessary." Those who read our article may remember that this is exactly what we proposed. We are also very glad to notice that all those unnecessary and tyrannical regulations about laying out new streets and party-walls are entirely omitted. It is a pity the same thing has not been done in regard to windows. There is retained the provision enforcing a large window to every room meant for habitation, and the window still has to be one-tenth of the floor area. It has been already shown, and need not be repeated, that this may inflict a needless hardship upon cottage dwellers. Why have a large window to every bedroom when it is meant only to be lived in for a very few hours, and these spent mostly in sleep?

While giving the Local Government Board full credit for the promptitude with which a serious evil has been grappled with and severe restrictions removed, we cannot help thinking that in one respect they are hasty to the verge of rashness. There has been a complete surrender to the architect, but apparently the people at Whitehall are as cocksure as ever they were in regard to sanitation—the subject touched upon in to-day's issue. Now upon this matter there is much to say, and it would have been as well if the Local Government Board had waited to read the last of our articles. For the whole conception of the sanitary clauses of the bye-laws is wrong and out-of-date. In respect to drainage, the first clause has all the intolerance characteristic of the original regulations. That is, it is laid down



in a dogmatic way that wherever the soil is damp it shall be drained by earthenware pipes, as if that were the only possible method of procedure. But it has not been found to be so in practice. On the contrary, there are many circumstances in which building on piles is greatly preferable to drainage, and we have to remember that whole towns—Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Venice, to take a few at haphazard—nay, the houses of whole countries—such as Holland—have been built on piles. Why should the Local Government Board prohibit it? And, again, drains are not in themselves always desirable. Wherever there are drains there is danger, and since the Public Health Act was passed in 1875 many points have been entirely changed in our sanitary knowledge. At that time, for instance, it was believed that the germs of typhus fever came from the soil, and much of the sanitation was done on that assumption. It is now known that the bacillus of typhus perishes in the earth, and yet the Local Government Board will have everything just the same as though no progress had been made. Again, the open drain was an object of unmixed fear in 1875, but now it is known to be the safest of all; and here is another point in which research has given a quite new direction to thought. Happily these modified bye-laws, as we understand, are in the nature of a trial balloon; they are not confirmed, and are, therefore, open to criticism and further modification. It is the business of the sanitarian, therefore, to make his voice heard as clearly as the architect has done. Here are rigid laws laid down in regard to matters that are continually in a state of flux, new thought and new discoveries continually occurring to make us change our old ideas. The Local Government Board is as intolerant here as it was in regard to architecture, but no doubt if strong representations be made it may again prove amenable to reason.



**N**OWHERE just now is the weather really fine. There has been an exceptionally long fall of snow in the North, and winter has returned to London—if it can be said ever to have left it. But the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall seem to have fared worst of all, the various messages sent home from the expedition up to the moment of writing telling of rain and storm. It is the Duke's element, and probably he is enjoying it rather than otherwise; but the Duchess is said to have suffered from sea-sickness. By the time this gets into the reader's hand we hope smoother waters will have been gained. Incidentally, the voyage has demonstrated the practical value of wireless telegraphy, which promises to be of very great service indeed should we have the misfortune to have to test the efficiency of our Navy in actual warfare.

Though the attempt on the life of the German Emperor was intrinsically of no greater importance than some attempts that were directed against our late Queen, being only the act of a lunatic, it has given rise to a curious incident. The message somewhat informally sent by the Kaiser to his Parliament discloses more discomfort in his position than seemed probable. A drawback to absolute monarchy, especially when the head of the State is an Emperor of William's disposition, is that Ministers do not, as in this country, act as a buffer between him and the populace. He thus becomes personally responsible for his vigorous utterances; and, as it is impossible for the wisest to please everybody, a certain amount of criticism is the result. Vigilance and severity may keep it out of the Press, but it is there all the same, and the tongues of men cannot be bridled. Evidently the Emperor is pained to think that most of it comes from the young generation, and he sees the cure in better teaching. He may be right, but we in this country have no reason to be dissatisfied with the effect produced by allowing freedom of speech. It is the disaffection which is bottled up that in the long run becomes dangerous.

The committee that has in hand the selection of the site for the Queen Victoria Memorial has fixed on the open space before

Buckingham Palace, which lends itself very happily to the purpose. Should the memorial take the form which has been suggested, of an arch supporting a statue of our late beloved Queen, the effect, on approaching it from the Mall, should be most impressive, and it would be very well suited in having for its background that Palace in which, if she did not use it for any long continuance as a residence, the late Queen received for so many years the attendance of her subjects at her Drawing Rooms. From both north and south the memorial statue or building would be seen only a little less to advantage than when approaching it from the Mall. Altogether the site chosen seems quite an ideal one. We may hope, with this omen, that the form of the memorial itself will be equally happy.

Budget night is fixed for April 18th, so that the patriots who have been closely considering how they can escape their share of the national bill can now look forward to a definite end of their anxiety. Rumours continue to fly thick and threefold, but every Chancellor of the Exchequer prides himself on being able to keep a secret, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is about the last man in the world to give himself away. Nor can one, looking back at his financial history, easily pick up material for guessing at the line he is likely to take. We know that the Squire of Netheravon belongs to a good type of English country gentleman, and that he has a profound sympathy with such as have had to suffer from the woes of agriculture, but then he is also a convinced and stern Free Trader, so that little hope can be entertained that he will make the necessities of the moment an excuse for imposing fiscal duties on imported farm produce. Then, on the other hand, should he borrow, he has to face the virtuous purity of the last of the Plantagenets, and whatever he does there is the certainty that those who have to pay will grumble. That is the prerogative of Englishmen.

At last the foreign Press appears to be in the way of doing justice to England. In all the early stages of the campaign it seemed as though the lies manufactured by Dr. Leyds prevented observers outside this country from seeing the Boer War in its true light. But the conditions of peace laid down by Lord Kitchener and revised by Mr. Chamberlain were so extremely reasonable, that the most rabid pro-Boers have had to tax their ingenuity to find plausible reasons for finding fault, and every journal in Berlin, Paris, or New York that can claim to have a shred of impartiality has recognised that the terms to which General Botha returned no answer were the most generous ever offered to a conquered foe, while it is abundantly clear that the Boers are kept in the field only by a systematic misrepresentation of the chances of European intervention. As it is now fully recognised by all parties that Boer independence is not only impossible, but would be a serious misfortune, no theory except one that attributes pig-headed obstinacy to our opponents will account for their determination to prolong a cruel and hopeless struggle. They have nothing further to gain and much to lose.

Botha has refused the terms of peace, and the cold weather is at hand for the poor Tommy Atkins in South Africa, so it is timely to send him out such good gifts as may be useful to him. Such are warm clothes, tobacco, soap, and of edibles the most portable and acceptable is perhaps chocolate. Cheese, in soldered tins of a size that the parcel post will take, is a good commodity for his use. Hitherto, in course of the war, it has not been lack of supplies but of transport that has caused any privations that the soldiers have suffered from shortness of food. And, sometimes, when the transport has come through, there has been abundance of more good things than could be consumed. It has been a case not only of caviare to the general, but caviare to the private too; for this has been a form of dainty often sent, so that the men sometimes have really tired of it. Tobacco, probably, will never come amiss.

It is not always easy to learn by experience, nor again always easy to know the limitations of the lessons that it has to teach. It was on these limitations that General Thynne dwelt, with some useful words of caution, in his address to the meeting of the Yorkshire Rifle Association, lately held at Leeds. The lesson that too many were inclined to read from the war, he said, was that the use of the cavalry arm was gone and should be superseded by the use of mounted riflemen. For purposes of a war against such a foe as the Boers, and in such a country as South Africa, this might be a just lesson, but it did not follow that its justice would be ubiquitous, and we might find ourselves at sad loss in a war with a European Power if we were led to discard the cavalry arm and rely on mounted infantry. Between the words "discard" and "remodel," however, there is a long interval, and General Thynne, we imagine, would not deny that the lesson of decreasing the unnecessary weight of the cavalry horse's trappings may be applied universally.

The death of Miss Charlotte M. Yonge means more to the elder than to the young generation. She was close on eighty when she died in her pretty country house at Otterbourne in Hampshire, and she began writing at eighteen. In that long period she produced a vast number of books, some of which, especially "The Heir of Redclyffe," exercised an influence over her clever young contemporaries, such as William Morris and his Oxford friends, that we find it difficult to understand now. Personally she was loved for a particularly sweet and generous disposition that had a fine dignity too, and those out of her immediate circle learned something of it from her many kindly public actions. For instance, she devoted the profits of "The Daisy Chain," to the erection of a missionary college at Auckland, New Zealand, and with the proceeds of "The Heir of Redclyffe" she fitted out a missionary sooner for Bishop Selwyn. With many other beneficent schemes she was closely connected, and it is no wonder that the obituary notices in the daily papers have in many cases been touched by a warmth not usually exhibited in such compositions.

The public that reads but does not write is always interested in the fortunes of those who write for it; and, moreover, seeing that paper and ink are cheap, and that these are all the material apparently necessary for the production of a work of fine fiction, the public is always speculating on its own capacity for penning words on paper which shall bring in an easy income. Some remarks in the recent case of *White v. Constable*, before Mr. Justice Darling, are worth putting on record in this connection. Mr. Doubleday, of the firm of Messrs. Constable and Co., stated that "of novels of merit by unknown authors, about one in ten succeeded." On which the judge: "And in the case of known authors it makes no difference whether they have any merit or not?" And Mr. Doubleday replied, "That is so, my lord." This is no new thing to us. It is, indeed, rather what we always have suspected. But we had not expected to hear it stated thus, with candour, *ex cathedra*.

Most certainly the National Sea Fisheries Association, that held its annual meeting lately at the Fishmongers' Hall, has a valid grievance in finding the undersized flat-fish as unprotected by legislation as at this time last year. The association, at its annual general meeting a year ago, passed a strong resolution on the subject; and acting on that resolution a Bill was brought into the House of Commons, was passed on second reading by a large majority, and then referred to a Select Committee, who reported that the case of the undersized flat-fish was very pressing, very bad, was going from bad to worse, and called for international legislation. At that point we arrived, at that point we remain, and seem likely to remain—"drifting." The meeting seemed to recognise, and probably rightly, that the voice of public opinion was the only one of sufficient volume and force to change the passive attitude into the active one.

The spring salmon-fishing season has been good, beyond the moderate expectations that the experience of the last year or two has justified us in forming; but, on the other hand, the fortunes of the fisher for trout have been cruelly bad. It is early days, of course, and on the great trout rivers no one has thought of casting a fly; but now, by the end of March, the trout-fisher of Devonshire and the West generally expects to have taken not a few baskets of small but gamely fighting fish. But the "Blue Upright," the great fly of that country in the early season, has done very little execution as yet. What fly of the natural kind can be expected on the water when the wind sets the weather-cock to the north-east so steadfastly that it is all but rusted there? And without natural fly on the water fish will not rise to the artificial. We shall do nothing without a change of wind.

The *Spectator* says that March is the famine month with all wild animals in England, and that at no time of the year is food of all kinds for insects, molluscs, birds, and beasts so hard to come by. Artificial feeding for such artificially-bred creatures as pheasants should not be forgotten at this trying time. Our readers probably do not need the reminder. But keepers in this month are so inclined to be thinking only of overhauling coops and making ready for the coming breeding season, that they often omit to feed, thinking that spring is just handy, or that their master will not like corn bills after the end of winter. This is a great mistake. Natural food for such large birds as pheasants is quite exhausted by now. Insect food will not be plentiful for six weeks, and the hen pheasants are starved just at the time when they need generous feeding before laying. Probably the wild birds would lay one-third more eggs if well fed at the end of March.

The long-drawn-out winter and the east wind of this spring seem to put a special value and interest on the very satisfactory news that comes of the seal fishing results in Newfoundland. The total catch is now said to be estimated,

prospectively, at 350,000. This sounds as if it ought to keep a good many people warm in springs to come.

In consequence of some trouble about the liquor licence, Lord Sheffield has announced his intention of not opening his cricket ground at Sheffield Park to the public this year. Last year, for a like reason, the ground was closed. We, of course, have nothing in the world to do with the trouble between Lord Sheffield and the magistrates who have power to grant the licence; but it does seem a thousand pities that the enjoyment of this charmingly picturesque ground, and the excellent matches that used to be played there, should be lost to the County of Sussex.

The Agricultural Education Committee is a body that has done excellent work under the guidance of its active secretary, Mr. Henry Hobhouse, M.P. We have just received from it a number of small but finely-illustrated pamphlets intended as guides and models for teachers of country schools when giving instruction in Nature-knowledge under the new Day School Code. One is about the dragon-fly, another ears of wheat, a third rabbits, and so on. It is intended that the actual objects should either be brought into school or the children taken to see them. This is almost the only right method of inculcating that love of the open air and what is to be seen in it that must lie at the root of all healthy knowledge.

It must be some years since the Riviera experienced so poor a yacht-racing season as that just concluded, and until quite a recent date an equally unfortunate state of affairs seemed likely to ensue in English waters next summer. Whilst in the Mediterranean the bigger class of vessel was practically non-existent, Sybarita (once more fitted out by Mr. Whittaker Wright, but now on the sale list), Kariad, Bona, and a couple of Shamrocks are, it is now understood, likely to appear as rivals under English rules. Thus Sir Thomas Lipton's second challenger will not fail in her effort to carry off the America Cup for want of sufficient "trial tackle," as (in the opinion of many yachting folk) did the first Shamrock. The Solent classes, too, are almost certain to prove as strong in point of numbers as last year. Many of these little vessels have changed hands since last summer, whilst, in addition, a quantity of new orders are being completed by the builders. Whether cruisers will be catered for as well as formerly remains to be seen, but one thing is certain—the German Emperor has been compelled to withdraw the prize he has offered them year by year since 1897, which is known as the Heligoland Cup.

The bush fires of Australia, one of the common terrors of the life of the early settlers, have apparently lost none of their horror. A correspondent of the *Morning Post* states that a great part of four States was a mass of flame and smoke, rising from leagues of flaming forest and burning grass. Thousands of miles of fencing, hundreds of farms, wool-sheds, and outbuildings, scores of wooden bridges, hundreds of haystacks, piles of grain, wool presses, machinery, and orchards, have disappeared in this fiery furnace. Huge flocks of sheep, mobs of cattle, tens of thousands of kangaroos, wallabies, opossums, flocks of parrots and lorries, all have been burnt alive in the dreadful holocaust. Tales of terrible races for life in coaches, carts, and even by mounted men fill the papers, and everywhere farmers and stock hands fought against the fire round the homes which held their families like men defending a beleaguered city. The story recalls the awful fires some thirty years ago, which reached their height on what was known for years as "Black Thursday," when it seemed as if the whole colony would perish in smoke and ashes. The ashes and soot were carried by the wind over 1,200 miles of ocean, and fell in New Zealand, as many colonists remember.

The port of Bristol, whence the first ship sailed for North America, has just welcomed back the first fruit steamer destined to revive the trade of the British West Indies. The adventure suggests rather a pretty link between the discoveries and destiny of Cabot and Columbus. It was thought by the oracle at Kew, which distressed colonies now regularly consult when in difficulties, that if Jamaica and the other islands could send us fresh fruit in the months of February, March, and April, when such a thing as an English-grown peach or nectarine is not in the market, an industry would grow up to take the place of sugar planting. The difficulty was to find transport. This has now been arranged, and the first boat of a service which will call every fortnight has arrived, carrying 18,000 bunches of bananas, as well as quantities of oranges, limes, shaddockes, pine-apples, and other tropical fruits. There is no reason why the finest grapes should not be grown on the hills, as well as peaches, apricots, and nectarines. The demand for good fruit in great cities is quite insatiable. It pays to send it regularly from the Mediterranean to New York. Nor is there any reason why the process should not be reversed, and the American Indies send their store to Europe.

The dry weather of recent summers is, perhaps, more likely to be forgotten than the wet days, which came when they were not



wanted. But the dry weather has left its memorial behind it not only in the impoverished springs, but also in a more conspicuous form. For example, we read that there has had to be condemnation, upon a considerable scale, of immemorial elms in the Long Walk at Windsor, the fact being that the prolonged drought deprived them of nourishment, and now many of them are unsafe. The places of those that are condemned are being filled by young trees; but seeing that most of the avenue was planted by Charles II. in 1680, and that the finishing touches were put by William III., it is to be feared that the gaps will be very unsightly for some time to come. But, after all, may there not be something to be said for sheer old age as the cause of decay? Oaks, we all know, are everlasting, or very nearly so, but, speaking generally, we are inclined to doubt whether there are many elms existing which trace back earlier than the seventeenth century.

The launch of the *Discovery* from the Dundee ship-builder's yard last week was a most interesting occasion—the field for her discoveries in prospect is so great and so fresh. Sir Clements Markham quoted the late Duke of Argyll as saying that we know really more of the planet Mars than we know of the immense ice-belt of the Southern Pole. That is in a measure the language of paradox, but hardly of exaggeration in regard to our limitless ignorance of the Southern Polar region. The *Discovery* is strengthened to meet the ice pressures after the manner adopted with such good results in building the *Fram*; but the *Fram* type is not suitable for a ship that has to weather the seas that roll round the world without a check, as the *Discovery* will have to weather them before her exploration work proper begins. The Duncan battleship was successfully launched on the same day from the Thames Ironworks at Blackwall.

## TASMANIAN LAKE TROUT.

**A** FEW weeks ago Mr. Cornish had a very interesting article in *COUNTRY LIFE* on the trout of the big lakes of New Zealand. What made, perhaps, the chief interest of the article was the statement, fairly well attested, that these trout of the great New Zealand lakes are migratory in their habits, going down to the sea like our salmon and sea trout, but coming back to breed and pass a large portion of the year in the fresh water. Mr. Cornish writes: "The big fish, dropping down the rivers in search of fresh food, followed the smolts to the sea. They then took to the sea themselves, and instead of being brown river trout became migrating and seafaring . . . and, so far as habit goes, are like sea trout."

"They go up the large rivers to spawn, and the young fish remain till they have grown to 'a considerable weight'" (Mr. Cornish puts these last words in inverted commas, probably quoting from Mr. Rutherford's report about the trout-fishing to the New Zealand Government) "before they go out to sea, where they are caught, like salmon, in stake nets."

I have drawn attention to Mr. Cornish's placing these words "a considerable weight" in inverted commas, because I suspect that they imply that he is puzzled by the same puzzle that vexes me, and will vex other readers, in these statements, for which the authority is Mr. Rutherford's report given in 1894. "The big fish," it is said, "follow the smolts to the sea." Therefore, obviously, the smolts go to the sea. And yet, a line or two lower, we find "they go up the large rivers to spawn, and the young fish remain till they have grown to 'a considerable weight.'" But it has just been stated that they go down as smolts. The only way of reconciling the statements, as far as I see, is to suppose that the fish go down to the sea in the smolt stage, come up again in the "finnock" stage (a stage corresponding to the grilse stage in the salmon), and there remain until they attain "a considerable weight." That is the only solution that I can attempt to offer. Mr. Cornish, I fancy, has too profound a respect for Mr. Rutherford to venture on an attempt at solution at all, or even at direct statement of the difficulty; but I fancy, too, that he perceives the difficulty clearly enough, and indicates his perception by putting between quotation marks these suspect words, "a considerable weight."

However, let us take it that the New Zealand trout goes down from the lakes into the sea, coming back to spawn. Let us leave it at that; and even so it is very interesting. About the TASMANIAN TROUT, that are the subject of this first picture, I cannot get any definite information whether they are supposed to go to the sea. The fact, which there is no reason to doubt, that the New Zealand fish are caught in the coast nets would seem proof positive enough of their seafaring. There is no word to be said against it. My only wonder is that we do not seem to

have any later information (at least, I can find none) than this report of Mr. Rutherford's, which was published in 1894. But of that there is, perhaps, the less reason to complain, seeing that of Tasmanian fish affairs I can get no report at all. Here are these Tasmanian trout—splendid fellows—making the fish baskets, that apparently were taken out to bring them home in, look very foolish indeed, and the long-handled gaff a deal more appropriate for their bagging than the landing net with which we in these poor little islands go a-trouting. I understand that all these are a one-day's bag, and a very good day too. The fish, as I judge from the photograph, have something of the sea trout's appearance, but the correspondent who furnishes the photograph says that the situation of THE GREAT LAKE in which they were caught is such (meaning, I presume, with streams of a nature that would give the fish but a poor chance of ascending them from the sea) as to make it most improbable that these fish



TASMANIAN TROUT TAKEN AT GREAT LAKE.

can be migratory. They are therefore, perhaps, less likely to take on the look of the sea trout than are the New Zealand trout, which do go seafaring.

Of course in the smoking-rooms of shooting-boxes, and the rest of the places where men of sport gather themselves together, it is very common to hear great talk and discussion about the different kinds of trout; whether the "ferox" is the same as the "brown trout," grown bigger and blacker in the dark waters of a mountain loch; whether the white trout is the same as the sea trout; and the sewin the same as both, or different. This is the talk of the sportsman; and you will not find one sportsman in a hundred that will have any suspicion but that the sea trout is an utterly different fish from the brown trout, whatever the relation may be of the brown trout and the "ferox." One goes to the sea and the other does not—that is enough for the sportsman—therefore they are distinct species. The scientific

folk, however, know too much about species, in the first place, to imagine the existence of any very distinct division between one species and another, and the divisions that they do recognise are generally based on anatomical grounds. And such grounds make the scientific folk recognise but one kind of trout, including sea trout and brown trout, and all the rest of them. Salmon are different (in the pyloric appendages, in scale, and other distinctive marks), and, of course, *char* are quite different again. But of trout there is, scientifically speaking, but a single species. Both trout and salmon in their beginnings were probably fresh-water fish, and probably it was when food got scarce in the rivers that they began to go down to the sea to look for it; and those that go down to the sea have now learned to take practically all their food there, and merely to live on their reserve fat in the fresh water. It must have happened to nearly all of us, I think, when fishing for sea trout at the mouths of rivers to catch a brown trout or two in water that is distinctly more salt than fresh. So this proves that the brown trout can, even now, get on quite comfortably in the salt water. But if the sportsman will doubt the identity of all the trout kind, let him go to the South Kensington Museum and ask to be shown the fish collection that they have in its basement. There he will find every intermediate link between the brownest trout and the whitest. He will not find a break in the chain, nor be able to say this is white and this is brown of any two kinds that lie together. That is the kind of proof that goes a long way with the ordinary man—a deal further than the pyloric appendages and things with queer names of that kind go. Fish are very accommodating. Even salmon can get on quite well without salt water. This is proved by the salmon in Lake Venessy (I cannot answer for the spelling), in Sweden, where the salmon live quite comfortably, and never get down to the sea at all.

The rod that all these Tasmanian fish were caught with, looking absurdly inadequate for such a day's work, and yet quite able for another day of the same kind on the morrow, is photographed with the fish. In New Zealand the trout go up to 30lb. The largest I have heard of as caught in Tasmania is a 21-pounder



SWAN BAY, GREAT LAKE.

killed by the late Sir R. Hamilton, then Governor of the island. The New Zealand lakes were originally stocked from the Tasmanian fishery, which itself was stocked from home. We seem to get on better with our experiments in the fish importation than the animal importation line. Australia does not thank us much for our rabbits, nor America for our sparrows; but the trout and the salmon are welcome everywhere, and do not develop unexpected desires and capacities to eat up their new world bodily, as some of the other creatures do. Even now the Western States of America are in trouble over the importation of the Belgian hare, which threatens to be a curse under a blessing's disguise.

Would we could get such a day's fishing as this a little nearer home. Unfortunately Tasmania is a long way off, and the time has gone by when, by the simple expedient of committing a little crime, one could be transported thither at the Government's charge. So do the times change always for the worse! We must e'en be content with our 2lb. or 3lb. minnows in the placid Test. Minnows, by the by, are the lure with which these great Tasmanian fish are taken. It is something in the nature of a consolation that they will not, according to such information as I can get, rise to fly. The man who says they do will be unpopular.

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

## THE BUILDING BYE-LAWS.

### VIII.—THE SANITARY ASPECT.

THAT it is a duty of Government to see that the essentials of health are attended to in house-building is one of those propositions which are so widely accepted that it would be a waste of time to elaborate them, and it holds good for the country as well as the town. Before the principles of hygiene were well understood, say thirty or forty years ago, much evil resulted from the disregard of them. In many a typical English village there was no drainage to speak of. Close to the cottage door, often so close that in wet weather a woman could stand on the steps and toss her refuse on to it, was the midden, a heap of putrifying animal and vegetable refuse. In wet weather pools of sewage were formed round it, and few precautions were taken to prevent the water from them percolating to the well or getting into the stream whence the household supply was drawn. Not far off stood the pig-stye, with a rotting heap of manure beside it. The result was that the villagers were decimated once every few years by epidemic disease, particularly small-pox and enteric fever. We hope that no one will credit us with a wish to resume the "freedom" that led to all this.

Yet it must be evident that the precautions required in a town are not so necessary in the small village. Mr. Ritchie showed the other night that infectious diseases are most prevalent in the poor and overcrowded districts of London, such as St. George's-in-the-East, where the death-rate from zymotic diseases is 4.27 per 1,000, as compared with 1.10 in St. George's, Hanover Square. But the village enjoys so many natural advantages, that much simpler rules will suffice for it than are requisite in a crowded municipal area. One of these is fresh air. Even when

food was at famine price the half-starved, ill-clothed, badly-housed rustic often lived on to a patriarchal age, simply because he lived a healthy outdoor life, and the wind swept away impurities from his cottage. The question of ventilation, to which many of the bye-laws are devoted, is much less important in a farm cottage than in an East End dwelling. It might be necessary in the new bye-laws to insert one or two very simple clauses to insure a house against being put up in defiance of a free circulation of air, but there is not the slightest need to insist on all the details which are, rightly enough, attended to in town. The regulations in regard to open spaces at front and rear might, for instance, be modified. They are absurd even in town, for while pains have been taken to discourage back-to-back houses, because they are not exposed to a free circulation of air, top-to-bottom houses are encouraged, and the *minimum* for nine stories is the same as for one, which is highly absurd.

Drainage, again, is a much simpler matter in the country than in the town. It has two objects—one, a very proper one in all cases, to make the site dry, and the other to carry off sewage. But in regard to the latter conditions vary enormously. The occupant of a town flat or of half a terrace cottage has no use for sewage. As far as he is concerned the problem is only how to get rid of it easily, effectively, and inoffensively. Even so a great deal of waste is involved. While land in the shires is manure starved, London stablemen and dairymen have to pay to get it carted away. The Great Eastern Railway, which carries the manure from its stables down to the market gardens round Wisbech, has set an

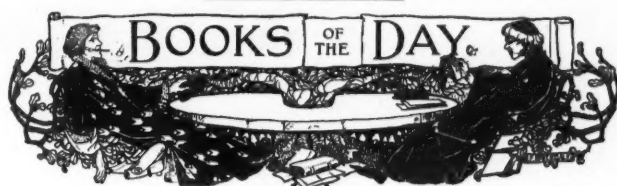


example worthy of being followed. This, perhaps, is not germane to the point, except so far that the cottager of to-day generally occupies a garden or allotment, where he can utilise the refuse from his cottage. He should be encouraged in this, since the natural way to get rid of sewage is to return it to the earth. But several unnecessary regulations exist on the point, as, for instance, those relating to the pipes for carrying off wash, slop-water, and sewage. The underlying idea is not in accordance with the more recent sanitary science. What has been guarded against most is the pollution of wells. But they have omitted to take into account the filtering power of humus. At Andover Dr. Poore has carried out an experiment with a well that deserves close attention. It is placed in the centre of his garden, at the intersection of two paths, and the garden is manured from the earth-closets, so that in theory the water should stand every risk of pollution. The well is only 5ft. deep, and the water stands usually at a level of about 3ft. 6in. from the bottom. It is protected on all sides from the bottom to 15in. above the surface, so that no water whatever can enter from the sides; it has all to bubble up from the bottom. Contamination from above is prevented by an oak cover in an outer casing of lead. A 3ft. asphalted path goes round the well and slopes away from it. Outside that is a circle of privet hedge. Very great pains are taken to prevent the dangers arising from overflow, since if the water were allowed to soak back into the well it might carry with it any sort of pollution. A sink and waste-pipe at the pump carry the overflow to the river. Thus it is evident that all water which goes into the well must percolate through the earth. About 7ft. off is the nearest point at which excreta are used for manure. Yet the water is singularly pure and wholesome; the present writer tasted it in the muddy wet weather of last November, but the verdict does not depend on this passing testimony. It has been analysed on several occasions by different experts, and always with satisfactory results. A bacteriological examination of the water from the river Antin on April 11th, 1895, gave 1,133 growths per cubic centimetre for the river and only 7.5 for the well. It has been in use nearly seven years, so that it may be taken to show that a surface well may be perfectly safe. Now, of course the Building Bye-laws are not directly concerned with the water supply, but the system of drainage they recommend has to a large extent been framed with the idea of avoiding contamination. In this direction they might safely be revised. Our columns have borne testimony to the fact that they have proved to be needlessly irksome, and have seriously interfered with the construction of cottages. In some districts of Hants and Wiltshire, where the climate is very dry for England, the provision of water-closets is out of the question altogether, and where there are no bye-laws the people have naturally fallen into a system akin to that described. One would think the danger even greater, because it is quite common in some villages for the people to be solely dependent on rain-water, which they collect on the roofs and run into large tanks, cemented, and with a filtering material at the bottom. Very little drainage is attempted, but when the sewage of the house is systematically worked into the land, no ill-effects follow. The conditions in town are, of course, quite different, though even there some of the bye-laws might be advantageously amended in detail. Take, for example, that which orders a 4in. pipe for waste. Not long ago a specialist cut open a large pipe and a small one, the latter a 2in. one that had been used for carrying away the same kind of sewage, and he found that, whereas the former was thickly coated inside with filth, the latter was clean and polished by the more condensed rush of water. We are not at present, however, dealing with the bye-laws from an urban point of view, but from the rural side, and it surely is as clear as anything can be that the application of these complicated rules as to drainage to small houses standing by themselves is simply ridiculous. The one effect that can be absolutely relied on is that they will make the owner chary of introducing a house supply of water at all. We contend that in an ordinary village a much simpler code of regulations would be sufficient to safeguard the public health, would interfere less with the liberty of the subject, and encourage building where it is very much needed. After all, those parts of the kingdom that are decidedly rural are not very liable to become urban, and we see no good reason why a separate code of regula-

tions should not be drawn up for them; regulations simple, clear, and calculated to ensure good sanitation, with as little irritation and interference as possible. The aim should be to encourage the erection of detached dwellings with fields and gardens round them, and for such only a slight oversight is necessary.

## OUR PORTRAIT . . . ILLUSTRATIONS.

THIS week we are pleased to be able to show pictures of two beautiful ladies. Our frontispiece is a portrait of Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, formerly Miss French, who was married in January last. On this page we reproduce a miniature of the Countess of Limerick, painted from a photograph by A. Esmé Collings. She is a daughter of Joseph Burke Irwin, Esq., of Stettin House, Drogheda, and since her marriage in 1890 she has taken a great interest in the well-being of those around her. On last St. Patrick's Day she sent a large quantity of shamrock to England to be sold for the benefit of Irish charities. Dromore Castle is the seat of the Earl and Countess of Limerick.



"I HAVE been a scholar, a *Subenzelehrter*, and *volta tout*," so says Max Müller in the charming Autobiography which the Longmans have just published, and in the life of a scholar you look for no stirring incidents, but only for the quiet events of school, college, library, and closet. He was less stirring than any of his kind, and could not even get up sympathy with his friend Ruskin when the latter, armed with spade and wheelbarrow, set forth with an army of young students to make a new road, exclaiming "What we think or what we know or what we believe is in the end of little consequence. The only thing of consequence is what we do." Professor Müller never felt much incentive to action. What he liked best was a book, Sanskrit for preference, seclusion, and silence. He never wished to get into Parliament, take part in popular movements, be a guinea-pig, or follow any other course dear to men who are conspicuous. And to Englishmen at least the most interesting part of his book is that relating to the most scholastic of English towns, Oxford, for the story of his childhood spent

his arrival in England, is tranquil to the point of dulness. His beautiful mother was early left a widow, and though the account he gives of her simple life, with its love and melancholy and regret, is fine, it is not lively. Oxford became his real home, and this is how he describes it:

"Oxford changes with every generation. It is always growing old, but it is always growing young again. There was an old Oxford four hundred years ago, and there was an old Oxford fifty years ago. To a man who is taking his M.A. degree, Oxford, as it was when he was a freshman, seems always a thing of the past. By the public at large no place is supposed to be so conservative, so unchanging, nay, so stubborn in resisting new ideas, as Oxford. And yet people who knew it forty or fifty years ago, like myself, find it now so changed that when they look back they can hardly believe it to be the same place."

He relates very amusingly how the college stories are told anew of a succession of men in the same office, and he contributes some that are personal to himself and very fresh, of which the following of an old canon of Christ Church is a fair sample:

"One Sunday I remember going to chapel, and after prayers had begun the following conversation took place, loud enough to be heard all through the chapel. Enter Old Canon, preceded by a beadle. He goes straight to his stall, and finding it occupied by a well-known D.D. from London, who is deeply engaged in prayer, he stands and looks at the interloper, and when that produces no effect, he says to the beadle: 'Tell that man this is my stall; tell him to get out.'"

"Beadle: 'Dr. A.'s compliments, and whether you would kindly occupy another stall.'"

"D.D.: 'Very sorry; I shall change it immediately.'"

"Old Canon settles in his stall, prayers continue, and after about ten minutes the Canon shouts 'Beadle, tell that man to dine with me at five.'"

"Beadle: 'Dr. A.'s compliments, and whether you would give him the pleasure of your company at dinner at five.'"

"D.D.: 'Very sorry; I am engaged.'"

"Beadle: 'D.D. regrets he is engaged.'"

"Old Canon: 'Oh, he won't dine.'"

"The cathedral was very empty, and fortunately this conversation was



A. Esmé Collings.

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### THE COUNTESS OF LIMERICK.

(From a Miniature.)

listened to by a small congregation only. I can, however, vouch for it, as I was sitting close by and heard it myself."

We must also quote this story of the Bodleian, and of its old librarian, Dr. Bandinell:

"Some people would give him an additional 'i,' and call him Dr. Bandinelli, which made him very angry, because as he would say to me 'he had never been one of these dirty foreigners.' Silence was enjoined in the library, but the librarian's voice broke through all rules of silence. I remember once when Professor Reay had been looking for ever so long to find his spectacles, without which he could not read the Arabic MSS., and had asked everybody whether they had seen them, a voice came thundering through the library, 'You left your spectacles on my chair, you old —, and I sat on them!' There was an end of spectacles and Arabic after that. There were two men only of whom Dr. Bandinell and H. O. Coxe also were afraid, Dr. Pusey, who was one of the curators, and, later on, Jowett, the Master of Balliol."

Many another interesting story Professor Müller tells of wild young undergraduates and the curious old Dons of a generation ago, but we must leave the reader to fish them up for himself, only premising that he will find in this book much grave and serious interest, as well as such bits of innocent frivolity as have been quoted, for the book was written in later years, when thoughts are not so light and happy as those of the young men who now walk the Christ Church Meadows and think of Max Müller, if they think of him at all, as part only of an old, dreamy, unrealisable Oxford. But to those whose college days are but memories there is much in this book to call up great and familiar figures, Newman, Froude, Stanley, and Ruskin, for example. Concerning the latter of whom it is told what a painful detour he used to make when giving his lectures that he might avoid seeing the New Magdalen Bridge and the abominable tramcars.

Of late we have had many intimate books on foreign countries, but it would be difficult to point out a more charming one than Mr. Montgomery Campbell's "In Tuscany" (John Murray). It is exceedingly well written, in a style of which the inventor was he who wrote "A Sentimental Journey," though it has been modified by passing through the hands of R. L. Stevenson and others. The places chosen for description are not Florence and Siena, that have been so often done, but the nooks and byways of Tuscany. Yet the author lays no stress on description; he is more concerned to render the life and atmosphere of the pleasant land wherein he has dwelt so long as to become as familiar as a native with it. Probably a better idea of what to expect will be conveyed to the reader by quotation than by analysis, so, almost at random, we pick out this account of *il povero scemo*, the poor idiot:

"His walk alone must have taken a world of thinking out. He shuffles, of course, but in a series of serpentine curves that baffle description. He is on and off the pavement every half-second, always with the same meandering, tortuous, shuffling gait. Often you expect to see him knocked down by some wild careering cab, but a convulsion occurs at the saving moment, and he grins from the gutter at the departing charioteer. His grin is, perhaps, the most effective feature of his stock-in-trade; he grins idiotically all across his grimy visage, he grins with his eyes and with the lines about his eyes, he grins with his large nostrils and lop-ears and with his wrinkled, intellectual brow. Ordinarily he carries a rickety basket filled with meaningless billets and chips of wood; at other times, slung over his shoulder, a sooty sable sack, into the depths of which no man has penetrated or cared to spy. He munches much; a full mouth adds pertinency to his idiot mutterings and imbecility to his multifold grin. In short, as he squats there, basking in the Tuscan sun, crooning his witless drivel, munching and mumbling, and railing on Lady Fortune in set crazy terms, he seems the perfect portrait of a blinking idiot and lunatic lean-witted fool."

"For a good full year I believed him to be a genuine addle-pate. One day his sense of humour threw him momentarily off his guard, and I discovered that he was really a creature with a more than ordinary stock of native mother-wit. I had rung the bell, and was waiting in the street for admittance when the poor idiot gyrated down on me with his snuffling 'Spare a centesimo for the poor idiot, signore!'"

"Let us see," I said, feeling in my ticket pocket, 'whether I have anything for the poor blind man.' The mistake was quite inadvertent."

"Idiot, signore, idiot!" he answered, reproachfully, correcting me, and then I knew and saw for the first time that he was no idiot. . . . It is a delightful sensation to call a man an idiot and yet know all the while you are paying him a compliment sweet to his ears, and advantageous to his walk in life." All the character sketching of this kind is extremely well done, but it appears to us that the author's style loses something of its savour when he tries to be more informative.

The romance or novel of adventure seems to count for little in fiction nowadays. It is the delineation of manners and of character that most successfully asserts its claim on our attention. The modern plot is invertebrate. The great passions are too crude and exhausting for our weary imaginations to follow; we have grown too sad to be harrowed, and we look upon the display of intensity of any sort as bad form, as a sort of mental nudity which is really indecent. "The proper study of mankind is man"—or woman—mostly woman. The old types have departed, the old virtues are weighed in the balance, the old religion is not seldom of as little account as a fairy tale. In "The Third Floor" (Methuen), by Mrs. Henry Dudeney, we have an excellent example of such work. It is crisp, epigrammatic, unconventional, with the keen-eyed, cynical, unsparing worldly philosophy of to-day, and yet it touches everything too lightly ever to be ill-natured. Its heroine, subtly imagined and delicately sketched, is a product of our time and no other—a clear-headed maiden of unruffled self-possession, for whom conventions do not exist, who lives alone in chambers *au troisième* in a London street. As an example of Valencia's way of doing things, we quote her treatment of Philip Gurney, a fellow-lodger, after an accidental meeting on the stairs and ten minutes' halting conversation:

"At school we were always out before breakfast. I keep up the habit."

"We must go together in the mornings."

"Thank you," he said, lamely.

"What time will you be ready to-morrow morning?" she asked, with a business-like air. Gurney looked almost sheepish. "It— isn't usual," he stammered.

"That was a subject we didn't take at school—the usual," she said, with a bright smile."

And that was how she lived—she did not take the usual. The conversations sprinkled through the book are bright and topical. "Art," says one; "not a penny piece in art; the public shies at it, thinks it a pet name for immorality."

"You must be an artistic failure; they are always embittered."

"Stanley is my mother's maid and censor. She chooses her literature—in the intervals of trimming her caps," Philip said.

"She is very good," his mother remarked, gently; 'she picks out love stories with a happy ending. They do send such dreadful books from the library.'

"How I execrate her clamorous modesty! It's a phase with some women when they begin to go off."

"Directly you talk about modesty, it becomes the—the other."

"Marriages are out—careers are in."

"A husband no longer controls his wife; he is only the gold stick-in-waiting."

It is really an injustice to quote from this book; it ought to be read. Of the other characters in the novel, the girl who is "a good chap," the nimble-witted people living by their brains as journalists, dramatists, etc., there is not space to say more than that they are very much alive and always amusing.

Similar in kind and calibre is "The Salvation Seekers" (Methuen), by Noel Ainslie, and, by a strange coincidence, the heroine in each case is called Valeria Mary (varied by a slight difference in spelling). In both tales, too, these girls live ignorant of kith or kin; but there all similarity ends. The stories are very diverse. The Val of the present book is introduced to us as a clever child dancer attached to an itinerant troupe "of a 'cello, a flute, and a fiddle," she attracts the attention of a rich and fashionable young woman, and inspires her with the whim of adopting the waif. Her subsequent career we will not sketch; the reader who once begins her history will not easily lay it down until he has followed her through all the changes of her brief life. The book is divided a little arbitrarily into five parts—salvation by circumstance, action, seeking, suffering, love. It is not a religious novel. The *dramatis personae* work out their own moral development and well-being by the various means enumerated above. There are several striking contrasts among them. Daddy, the failure, shows up well beside Lawrence Burke, the successful journalist, a pushing, glib-tongued, shallow Irishman of many moods. No better foil to the Bohemian Val could have been devised than her patroness, Eve Goldburne. A strange figure which has no pendant is that of Mme. de Loretz, Pole and palmist. We give an extract from her book of wisdom:

"To be amusing at any cost—this was the sum of the older woman's gospel. There were other ways, but this alone was the royal road to success for a woman."

"The world is tired of goodness, and cleverness, and earnestness, and energy, and all the fatiguing virtues, but no one ever tires of the amusing people. It is a gift, the greatest gift of all, for it doesn't matter how old or how ugly you are if you can make people laugh. . . . Men want to be amused; they will sell their souls for the woman who is witty enough to prevent them growing tired of themselves."

"Belinda Fitzwarren," by the Earl of Idlesleigh, is framed on more simple lines and among less complex personalities. The young lady who names the novel is of an ardent character, with a "touch of violence." Her father, Colonel Fitzwarren, has been broken in fortune by a scoundrel who is unknown to her, and she forms the pious resolution of unearthing the swindler and revenging her father's wrongs upon him. The unassuming hero, John Wolcott, a fellow-lodger, is introduced to Belinda by means of a ponderous coal-scuttle from which he triumphantly rescues her; and a friendship and something more ensue, although he is inclined to be a woman-hater. When his landlady reminds him that it can't hurt him "to remember one of the most beautiful faces in the world," he remarks very sagely, "Ah! I don't know. I never knew any good come of remembering things that were not your own business." Of course his misogyny does not save him from the common fate. As the story develops it darkens; there is a murder in it, also a pair of curious pistols, a lawyer's clerk named Spinner, who turns detective, and three people who confess the story of the murder with variations, to the great confusion of Spinner, who ejaculates: "Well, I thank my stars for two things: I don't care twopence for honour, and I never was in love with a woman." A vein of quiet humour runs through the story.

## SEED-TIME.

CITY loons are snoring, tucked in stuffy beds,  
Weary eyes, and aching, hot and sleepy heads,  
Sand-bag on the winder, curtain o'er the door—  
While the wind comes whistling 'cross the drenching moor!  
While the wind comes whistling, driving clouds o' rain  
O'er the stretching acres shorn o' crowded grain,  
While, wi' red clay cleaving to his iron heel,  
See, the lusty sower gies old Earth her meal!

O the jolly sower, and the break o' day!

O the sunlight drowning in the wind-swept spray!

When the lark aloft is singing,

And the wind comes cold and stinging,

And it's seed-time, lusty seed-time, at the break o' every day!

Hedges all are dripping gems o' powdered glass,  
Drops o' rain like tassels tip the spires o' grass,  
All the world's a-glitter, wood and cleve and plain,  
Wi' the dust o' diamonds, drops o' crystal rain;  
Sweet's the smell o' morning, milk-pails all a-foam,  
Sweet's the smell o' turning heavy clods o' loam,  
Drinking in the daybreak, morning's draught o' mirth,  
At the lusty business—feeding hungry Earth!

O the dewy morning, and the keen wild air!

O the naked gardens and the fields all bare!

O the wind and rain are blowing,

It's the gallant hour o' sowing,

And the lark aloft is winging with the sower's matin prayer!

HAROLD BEGBIE.



# QUARRYMEN AND QUARRY WORK.

**Q**UARRYMEN, wherever they are found, are usually a peculiar people. They combine independence of sentiment with politeness of demeanour, virtues not always found associated in British working men. Probably they keep the independence for political matters and the politeness for visitors to their quarries and for personal friends, like the colliers who turned the late Lord Armstrong out of his seat at Newcastle, not because they did not like him personally, but to show that they could "do what they chose." The chalk quarries near Rochester are worked by a highly-specialised race of quarrymen, known locally as "chalk-bugs." Their vote is an important factor in local elections, and no one ever quite knows how it will be thrown. But the writer was once emphatically assured by one of them that "the vote of a chalk-bug is as good as that of any bishop in the land." This political dictum was strictly true; which cannot be said of all political dicta.

Welsh quarrymen have had many hard things said about them, probably because the recurring disputes between the owner and the men of the greatest of all Welsh quarries have led to rather extreme politicians taking sides and calling names. But as a body the Welsh quarry hands are first-rate workmen, and when not engaged in strikes are very agreeable fellows. In some of the big limestone quarries near the coast they become accomplished geologists, as well as experts at the fossils and other interesting prehistoric contents of the rocks. A friend of the writer, who had spent several days collecting fossils in these



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

HAMMER AND WEDGE.

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finest building material; but it will be found that the great bulk of the building stone quarried in England and Scotland is sandstone. Consequently the greater number of hands are engaged in the sandstone quarries. In the Yorkshire West Riding the ugly, dirty yellow sandstone is the material of which most pavements, sinks, doorsteps, garden walls, lintels, thresholds, and the like are made. Many of the houses are built of it, and large fortunes are made by the quarry masters. Near Leeds some enthusiasts organised a fine football team of quarrymen then engaged in slowly excavating the hills on the north of that most prosperous city. The way these strong and good-tempered young fellows would come straight from their picks and crowbars to play a hard game on a light March evening was enough to rouse the admiration of any "Old Blue" of Oxford or Cambridge.

All the red sandstone quarries yield a really beautiful stone, very different to the dirty yellow of that from the coal measures. In Devon, especially in North Devon, in Cheshire, and in Cumberland this hard and richly-coloured quarry-yield makes a kind of double ornament to the landscape. The church towers, houses, and bridges seem literally to glow when the sunset beams light them up; and the quarries themselves are like crimson shelves and niches in the hills. Carlisle Castle is practically all of dark red sandstone, from the keep built by William Rufus to the latest batteries of Elizabeth's time. Brougham Castle, near Penrith, on the river Eamont, is another beautiful old red sandstone castle. Cumberland is, in fact, mainly indebted to its sandstone quarries for its ancient houses.

It is said that, except Aberdeen, all the towns of any size in Scotland are built from the sandstone rock. Useful

and easily quarried, it is not very durable. Much of the finest carved work of the abbots of Melrose, Kirkwall, Jedburgh, and Kelso is wasted and decayed, though not more than 700 years old.

The views here shown are from the quarries in the Island of Arran. That beautiful domain has whole mountains of columnar basalt within its encircling sea, and it possesses a variety of strata greater than that of any part of the British islands of the same size. The Devonian sandstone is the best material in its quarries. But trap rocks, granite, slate, lias, and oolite all appear in succession. As in most Scotch quarries of softer stone, a great deal of the work



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

THE CRANE SWINGING.

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quarries, was invited by one of the men to his house and shown a first-class collection, all properly labelled and catalogued. As the man talked English with some difficulty, his guest, when writing to send him a small present from town, adopted a monosyllabic style, something on the lines of "the cats at on a mat" in "Reading without Tears." He received in return a beautifully written letter covering several sides of paper, expressed in "book English," at the close of which this literary quarryman mentioned "that as he was about to enjoy a temporary relief from the recurring labours of the week, owing to a labour dispute, he should employ this welcome leisure in teaching his children the rudiments of Greek and Latin." Marble and limestone produce the

is done by the use of hammers, chisels, and wedges. The quarryman sits down with his legs apart, and with a big cold chisel and hammer steadily cuts a long deep furrow across the face of the stone. If he wishes to get out a thick block he takes a small hand pick, and with this cuts the channel deeper still. The sandstone is all sedimentary rock—lying in layers. Consequently, when the cuts have been made, wedges driven into the face split it off at any thickness required. In the sandstone quarries blasting is only used when a new "fall" is wanted, or when large masses of rock are to be moved. A hole is bored by men constantly working a long crowbar. This is then cleaned out, and the hole filled with gunpowder and "tamped" with clay, through which a length of time fuse has been left. In the great Scotch granite quarries blasts are made on a gigantic scale. One of these, at Crarae, in Argyleshire, brought down 60,000 tons of granite. But it did more, for when, after the explosion, a great rush of sightseers took place, all eager to see the ruin wrought, the gases confined in the cavity of the quarry caused sixty people to fall down unconscious, and of these seven never regained consciousness.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

THE FACE OF THE QUARRY.

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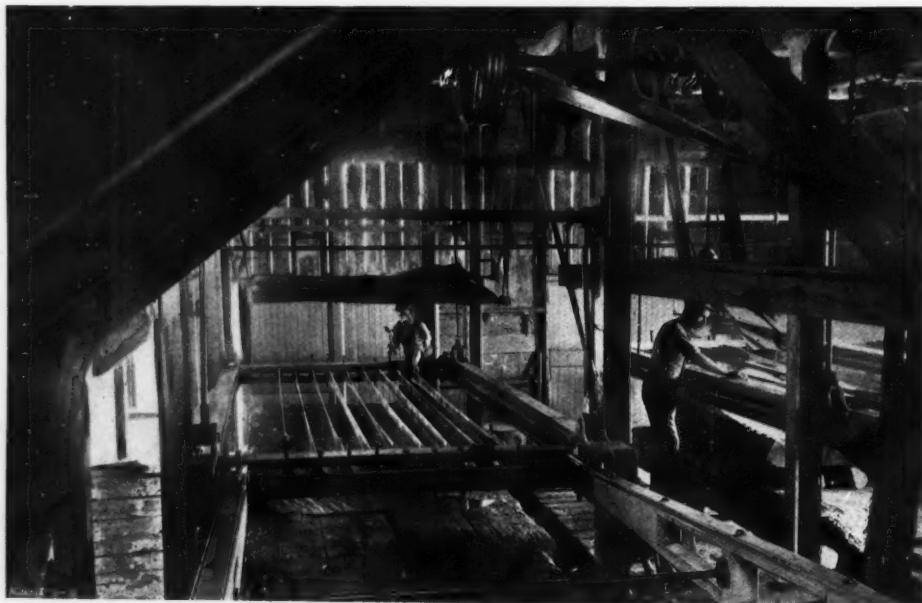
## LONDON'S BURIED ... ELEPHANTS.

WHEN digging in the gravel beds of South Kensington for the foundations of the Victoria and Albert Museum, great quantities of the bones of extinct animals were found, creatures which lived in the London basin at the time that the river's drift and brick earth was being deposited. These were bones of the great stags then common, of the elephant, and of the *primæval* horse, creatures which lived here before the Channel was cut between England and France, though not, perhaps, before man had appeared in what is now the Thames Valley, for flint implements are often found with the bones. Dr. Woodward, to whom some of the remains were taken, said that they reminded him of the great discovery of similar remains in the brick earth at Ilford, in Essex, thirty-seven years ago, when he personally saw, dug from the brickfields of that almost suburban parish, the head and tusks of one of the largest mammoth elephants in the world. These river-gravel and brick-earth buried bones are rather earlier than those found in the peat and marl. The latter

belonged to creatures which, though they no longer exist in England, are still found in temperate Europe—beavers, bears, bison, and wolves. But the Thames gravel and the London clay are in places full of the bones of another and earlier, though by no means *primæval*, body of mammals, some of which are extinct, while others are found at great distances from this country, in remote parts of the earth. Judging from the places where they are found and from the position of the bones, large animals must have swarmed all over what is now London, just as they do on the Athi plains and near the rivers and forests through which the Uganda Railway runs.

There was the same astonishing mixture of species, a mixture which puzzles geologists rather more than it need. Hippopotamus bones are found in great numbers, and with the hippopotamus remains those of creatures like the reindeer and the musk ox, now found only on the Arctic fringe and frozen rim of the North, which lived on the same area, and with them the Arctic fox. Judging from the great range of climate which most northern animals can endure, there is no reason to think this juxtaposition of a creature only found in warm rivers and of what are now Arctic animals is very strange. The London "hippo" was just the same, to judge from his bones, as that of the Nile or Congo. But the reindeer of North America, under the name of the woodland caribou, comes down far south, and in the Arctic summer that of Europe endures a very high temperature. The Arctic fox does the same. If there were Arctic animals in Kensington and Westminster, that is no evidence that they lived in an Arctic climate. Looking over the

list of bones, skulls, teeth, and tusks found, it is interesting to try to reconstruct mentally the fauna of greater London just previous to the coming of man. There was, to begin with, a long list of African animals, either the same as are found on the Central African plains, and were found on the veldt of South Africa, or of the same families. The present condition of the country between Mount Kilimanjaro and the Victoria Nyanza shows quite as great a mixture of species. There, for instance, are all the big antelopes, rhinoceroses, zebras, lions, elephants, hyænas, and wild dogs, and though there are glaciers just above, on Kilimanjaro, the river running out of the Great Rift Valley is full of crocodiles and hippopotami. There is heather and, higher up, also ice and snow on the mountains, from whose tops the waters come that feed these crocodile-haunted streams. So on the London "veldt" there were lions, wild horses (perhaps striped like zebras, but more likely plain), three kinds of rhinoceroses—two of which were just like the common black rhinoceros of Africa, though one had



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

THE SAWS.

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a woolly coat—elephants, hyænas, hippopotami, and that most typical African animal the Cape wild dog! All these, except the elephants and hippos, can stand some degree of cold; and there is not the slightest reason why the two last may not have flourished in some deep river valley, very many degrees hotter than the hills above. To take an instance still remaining nearer to Europe than the Great Rift Valley. The Jordan Valley is very deep and very hot. Many species of birds are there found which are Indian residents, and not anywhere nearer. It is a kind of hot slice of India embedded in the cold Palestine hills. The very large deer and immense bison and wild oxen probably fed on the same low veldt as the African animals. The bison were the same as those found in Lithuania, but far larger. Numbers of the skulls, of quite gigantic size, have been found in the brick earth. In the British Museum there is a tooth of the mammoth found in 1731, at a depth of 28ft. below the surface, in digging a sewer in Pall Mall. This Pall Mall mammoth might well figure in Mr. E. T. Reid's prehistoric series in *Punch*. Another tooth was found in Gray's Inn Lane. The mammoth was evidently not confined to the present region of clubland.

Beside these European and African groups of animals, a third class ranged the London plains, probably at a greater height and in a still colder temperature than the large grass-eating mammals mentioned. These creatures whose bones are found plentifully in the drift are now living in a country even more specialised than the African veldt. They are the creatures of the Tartar steppes and the cold plains of Central Asia. Their names are the suslik (a Central Asian prairie dog), the pika, a little steppe hare, and an extremely odd antelope, now found in Thibet.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N. B.

## QUARRY WORK: SHIPPING THE STONE.

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This is a singularly ugly beast with a high Roman nose, and wool almost as thick as that of a sheep when the winter coat is on. It must have been quite common in those parts, for the present writer has had the cores of two of their horns brought to him during the last three years.

These dry bones are not made so astonishingly interesting by their setting in the gravel as are some far more ancient remains in England. The gravel is a mere rubbish-bed, like a sea-beach, in which all things have lost their connection. The writer was recently shown a set of fossils far more ancient, probably not less than 2,000,000 years old, which were all found and may be seen exactly as they lay and lived when they were on the bottom of a prehistoric river which flowed through Hampshire, across what is now the Channel, over South France, and then fell into the Mediterranean. This river crosses the Channel at Hordwell cliffs on the Solent. There is its whole section, of a great stream two miles wide, with the gravel at its edges, the sediment and sand a little lower down the sides, and the mud at the bottom. On each lie its appropriate shells. Some are like those in the Thames to-day, but many more like those of a river in Borneo. They are so thick that out of a single ounce of the mud 150 living shells were sifted. In this, too, were found the tooth of a crocodile and the bones of a spiny pike, and in other masses of clay the very reeds and bits of the trees that grew there. These sedges of the primitive ages were quite charming. Even some of their colour was preserved, and all their delicate fluting and fibre, in the fine clay. One of the branches of a tree, now turned to lignite, had possessed a thick pith. This pith had decayed, and water had trickled down the

hollow like a pipe. The water was full of iron pyrites, and had first lined the tube with iron crystals and then filled up the whole hollow with a frosted network of the same. There is a striking contrast between the presence and realism of these once living things still preserving the outer forms of life and the vast and inconceivable distances of "geological time."

C. J. CORNISH.

## IN THE GARDEN.

## TREATMENT OF OLD AND NEGLECTED ROSES.

A WELL-KNOWN rosarian, who prefers to remain anonymous, sends us the following useful little note about the treatment of old Rose bushes: "In dealing with either standard or bush Roses cut hard back right into the old wood, the plants will not look very beautiful the first year after this severe handling, but if they are healthy, with their roots in good well-drained soil, the new wood will be surprisingly strong. Old pot-grown Roses so treated have been frequently quite restored. In nine cases out of ten this cutting back does not pay, but there are exceptions. Hedges of Roses sometimes become bare at the base. Occasionally hard cutting down is advisable, say within 18in. of the soil, but bare bases may often be remedied by hard pruning. Good doses of liquid manure given during May and June will assist new growth, and the hedge recover its usual vigour in about two seasons."

## SOWING MISTLETOE SEEDS.

The pearly-berried Mistletoe is approaching its full beauty. This may appear rank heresy, for is it not in full perfection when the Christmas wishes ring through the hall and the berries gleam amidst the Holly and the Yew?

But at Christmas the berries are immature and cloudy, without that clear transparency and fullness seen in the early spring. It is also useless to sow the seeds gathered from berries on shoots cut at Christmas; they are unripe, and therefore never germinate. This note is prompted by a most interesting letter recently sent about the growing of Mistletoe: "The seed is ripe in late April or early May; a fine berry is selected, and a branch near the trunk of the tree chosen, but it is important that this branch should be young. The first should be, if possible, of two years' growth. The operator squeezes the berry and presses it on to the branch. The seed (there is only one in each berry) is lying in its own sticky pulp, which glues it firmly to the bark, and the air soon hardens it into a compact mass. Birds are great enemies at this stage, being very fond of the berries. The seed may, however, be saved by inoculating on the under-side of the branch, where alighting birds cannot see it. Mistletoe has a curious way of growing, and requires many graftings and much patience. It seems to lie dormant for many months, but the gradual revolution goes on unseen. The seed does not send its roots into the bark, but waits for the new layer of bark to enclose it, and so finds the necessary sap for its nourishment. Each year the finger-like root or sucker is, by reason of each fresh layer of bark, sunk deeper and deeper, and a tree cut down and sawn through has a most curious appearance, being apparently bored into by the many suckers of the parasites. This is, however, only to be observed after many years' growth. At the end of the first year from inoculation (if successful) a tiny green stem is seen on the spot operated upon, if carefully examined, lying close to the bark; this shows the germination of the ovule or seed, which now finds the sap needed for its nourishment in the surrounding new bark. The stem develops slowly, and some months later the tiny leaves appear, and the plant may then be said to have made its start in life."

## ST. DABEOC'S HEATH (DABECIA POLIFOLIA).

This is a charming Heath, with flowers like Snowdrops, and represented by purplish and white forms, of which the pure white is the most pleasing. It remains in bloom for many weeks, flowering from quite early summer until the threshold of Christmas, when the weather is reasonably mild. The plant is of neat growth, usually about 1ft. high, but in some soils and positions even more, with leaves of deepest green above and white beneath. The flowers are bell-shaped, produced in erect terminal racemes, and, as previously noted, both purplish and pure white. The species has beautiful rich purple flowers, and we have seen a form in which both purple and white flowers occur upon the same spike. The *Dalcecia* should be described as a Heath-like plant, because it is not a true Heath, in spite of its having been thus called by Linnaeus and other botanists. It is one of those beautiful spreading shrubby things that are best placed outside a bed filled with things of similar character, *Azaleas*, *Rhododendrons*, and so forth, or associated with the larger-growing *Erica mediterranea* and others.

## APPLE SCARLET NONPAREIL.

This fine old Apple was well shown at a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society by that famous fruit grower, Mr. Crump of Madresfield Court Gardens. A well-known authority writes us about this exhibit. He says: "The colour of the fruit was remarkable, and the flavour little inferior to that of Cox's Orange Pippin. As regards its cropping, it is one of the best in this district (Middlesex). Introduced in 1816, nearly a century ago, it is now recognised by the Horticultural Society, and there are few better Apples from January to March; the fruits Mr. Crump staged were beautifully fresh, and, from their appearance, looked as if they would keep until April, the result of cool storage."

## PRUNING ROSES.

As this is the time for pruning Roses, a few notes will be helpful to our readers. The amount of pruning will depend upon the character of the plant, whether of weak or strong growth, bush or climber, and other points. Varieties of robust habit need little pruning, the result of severe pruning in this case being wood of increased strength, with few flowers. A good general rule is to cut back the shoots to five eyes, removing altogether unnecessary growths, *i.e.*, those that crowd one another or interfere with light and air reaching the centre of the bush. Cut back weaker plants to two or three eyes, and cut so that the bud below points outwards, the object being to keep the centre of the bush clear. The same remarks apply to standards, whether Tea-scented or otherwise. This is a good season to peg down Roses, bending the well-ripened growths to the soil and pegging them. Drive strong 2ft. staves into the soil, and leave sufficient wood above ground to tie the shoots to. An abundance of flowers is the outcome of this system.

## THE WOOD LEOPARD MOTH.

This moth is a pest in many gardens and parks, and the following note sent by Mr. A. D. Webster of Greenwich Park will interest those who have suffered from its depredations. Mr. Webster says its attacks are principally confined to the Elm, Spanish and Horse Chestnut, Mountain Ash, Beam tree, Thorn, and Poplar, but it is a strange fact that although the specific name applies to the Horse Chestnut, few if any observers have reported its attacks on that tree, while several have drawn attention to the omission. In Greenwich Park the depredations of the caterpillar of this moth are almost exclusively confined to the wood of the Spanish Chestnut, the Elm coming second, and various species of *Pyrus* and *Crataegus* following. It is the upper half of each tree that is usually attacked, rarely the main stem or heavier branches, and when one tree falls a victim, numerous others in close proximity are affected. In one instance that came to the notice of Mr. Webster, almost every Chestnut tree in a long avenue had fallen a prey to the depredations of this caterpillar. Rarely, however, are healthy trees attacked, but usually only those in a declining condition, whether from age, unsuitable soil, or atmospheric impurities, the latter frequently around London. The tunnelling of the caterpillar soon causes a collapse of the woody tissue, and often so weakens the branch or stem that it readily snaps across in windy weather, but this is particularly the case with Standard Thorns, or the Beam and Apple trees when in a young state. Often the presence of the caterpillar in these latter trees may be readily detected by reason of the curious swollen or thickened appearance of the stems or branch at the points of attack; indeed, in the park at Greenwich some of the Mountain Ash and Thorns have an unnatural and unsightly appearance owing to these gouty growths.

## WAYS OF DESTROYING THE MOTH.

The moth is very beautiful, but the caterpillar is so destructive that its extermination is at once necessary where its presence is detected. Mr. Webster says that to cope with its ravages is by no means an easy task, unless in the case of small trees that are readily accessible for examination, for, as before stated, the tunnelling is usually engaged in at a considerable height from the ground and near the branch tips, where remedies are difficult to apply. In the case of

pillars rarely attack the stems of large trees, this method of coping with the evil will be found both simple and satisfactory.

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.—Farm Seeds: Messrs. Toogood and Sons, Southampton; Messrs. E. P. Dixon, Seed Merchants, Hull; Dickson's Royal Seed Warehouses, Chester; Messrs. Cooper, Taber, and Co., 90-92, Southwark Street, S.E. Fruit Trees: Messrs. W. Horne and Sons, Perry Hill, Cliffe, Rochester. Chrysanthemums: MM. Vilmorin-Andrieux, Paris.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are always pleased to assist our readers in matters of difficulty concerning the garden. We are also in touch with many first-class gardeners, and shall be happy to recommend one to any who may require the services of a reliable man.

## THE GULL POND.

A GREAT deal has been written first and last about the beautiful sheet of water shown in Mr. Green's clever photographs, and it is with sincere regret that I come to make a kind of lament over it as a thing of the past. For the gulls have deserted it, and now you may walk in April and May down the broad highway leading from Wark to Wooler, and from Scotland to England, and never catch a glint of their white wings, or hear the murmur that seems as natural to the wood as the blowing wind or the cawing of the rooks. I have been making enquiries of the local naturalists as to what could possibly have made the birds desert their old haunt, but the answers are perplexing and unsatisfactory. How they came is much more easily explained, or at least it seemed so to me, when heard from the mouth of a native angler on the Kail, that is to say, in Roxburghshire, just across the Border. Till late in the eighteenth century there was at Morbottle—hence its name—a great mere fed by the Kail, and to it the gulls resorted, but during a flood this lake burst its banks, and its rolling waters ploughed up a channel to the Yarrow, of which the Kail is now a tributary, instead of flowing as it did of yore into the Bourmont, and thence by way of Glen and Till to Tweed as English water. Dispossessed of their home, the gulls trekked in search of a new colony, and found a suitable resting-place in the pond at Pallinsburn. They looked extremely beautiful in their new environment. In Eastern England and Scotland the typical "gullery," to use a barbarous word, is in marsh or bog, with a dreary waste round it. But our gull pond was almost embosomed in trees. From the road you

looked at it through oak trunks, and on the other side a fair English park, set with stately beeches, and elms, and chestnuts, makes a green slope from Pallinsburn House to its reeds and flags, and during the season broom, hawthorn, lilac, and laburnum showed their blossoms in contrast with the mass of white wings. L. ridibundus learned in this inland retreat many tricks, and encountered some dangers, unfamiliar in his wild winter home in the Farne Islands. Often we used to laugh at him balancing himself awkwardly on a rail, or trying to perch on a tree like his neighbours the rooks, and on warm nights he often sat out unsuspiciously on the grass, as he will do on the Cheviot heather, and he did not know that behind Pallinsburn House is a well-stocked fox covert, and that Reynard's favourite ramble is round by the shrubbery and across the park, but a heap of white feathers often told in the morning where he had been. Still, that was only an occasional accident, and bird-life is for ever exposed to some kind of danger.

During the century and more of their tenancy the gulls no doubt found Pallinsburn Gull Pond almost an ideal home. It is about twelve miles or so from the seacoast, which must be a short flight for their stout pinions. Around is what birds love to have near their nests—that is to say, a plentiful food supply. The country is one of mixed farming. In Till Valley the pastures are rich and deep, and during the long spring ploughmen turn up the earth for barley, potatoes, and turnips, and pleasant it used to be on sunny April mornings to hear the hind's cheery "Wo hup, Rattler; Wo hi, Boxer," as the ploughsh are cut the earth, while behind flights of black rooks and white seagulls



IV. Green.

SETTLING ON THEIR NESTS.

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small trees, such as the Thorns and various species of *Pyrus*, where the entrance holes are readily detected, the following methods are fairly satisfactory: (1) With a piece of unctuous clay form a cup-shaped receptacle around the aperture, and fill this with gas tar. The tar following the course of the tunnel generally kills or expels the caterpillar. (2) Insert a piece of cyanide of potassium in the entrance-hole, and plug with clay or wax to prevent the fumes escaping. (3) Plug the holes with a mixture of soot, lime, and cow manure, the two former in about half the bulk of the latter. (4) A piece of pliable wire inserted in the hole has been successfully used in killing and dislodging the caterpillar. Where a number of trees are attacked and the top branches are dying in consequence, pruning off and burning the dead wood will result in the death of many caterpillars, and prevent their multiplication. As the cater-





W. Green.

A CLOUD OF WHITE WINGS.

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hung over the furrow and picked grubs and worms. Drought is not so common there as in dry Hampshire or on the Wiltshire downs; but if it did come, the gulls had only to fare further afield and find a new store of food. Some few miles away in the distance lie the blue flanks of Cheviot, where the burns are well stocked with minnows and trout. Often in dry weather have I watched the gulls beating up and down the watercourse in search of food. The family at the hall, too, gave the strangers a very hearty welcome. The present owner of Pallinsburn is Mr. Askew Robertson, but previous to the death of his father-in-law he was Mr. Watson Askew, and the gulls, which are called pictarnies across the Border, were jocularly named "Askew's hens." They built on mud islands which on their arrival in March were as bare as the face of a rock, so that the round nests woven out of dry pond herbage were at first open and unconcealed, as is the way with unsuspicious sea-birds, but as the season advanced a dense growth of weeds and flags grew up and hid them from view. In very wet years the waters would rise and cover the breeding ground, and the gulls, after fluttering about the place for a day or two, would regretfully depart and not be seen near it again that year. Men were employed, however, to clear the ponds and pile up mud on the islands, which, being thus raised in height, were ready for the next season. It was customary to take a certain number of eggs, more perhaps than the owner knew of, since gamekeepers are but mortal, and pictarnies' eggs are very pretty eating; but they did not seem to mind this any more than if they had been domestic fowls. Plundering never was carried on to such a wholesale extent as prevailed at Bemersyde Loch, where, as is recorded, sixty dozen eggs were taken in one night and sold for 4d. a dozen. Nor does it even seem to have been customary to make the squabs into pies, as was the case in Norfolk. The Northumbrian hind has always been rather fastidious about his food, and though it is demonstrable that rook pie, rat pie, squirrel pie, rabbit pie, and gull pie are scarcely to be distinguished by the common palate, he has for all except rooks and rabbits the same repugnance that he has to eels and shell fish. Thus the gulls at Pallinsburn were subjected to no persecution that would account for their departure.

Nevertheless, about seven or eight years ago they began to arrive in greatly dwindled numbers, and now it appears as though the pond is to be completely and for ever forsaken. How to account for it is no easy matter. One would very gladly accept, were it possible, the half-in-earnest superstition of the neighbouring rustics that the gulls had an attachment to the family, and left in dudgeon because Mr. Askew Robertson went to live at Ladykirk and let Pallinsburn to a stranger. Possibly enough there may be some good sense behind this. Even the best of tenants cannot be expected to take the same care of his temporary surroundings as does the owner who links them with his earliest associations. Unless the islands are periodically made up they seem to sink to the level of the water, and that may have been neglected. Somebody has asserted that the tenant was too fond of duck-shooting, but we cannot see how that can matter. It takes place in winter, when the gulls are not inland, and as the duck and the pictarnie breed practically at the same time, the tenant was very unlikely to set the Wild Birds' Protection Act at defiance and shoot after March 1st. A more plausible reason lies in the extraordinary increase in the number of rooks. About ten years ago the Northumbrians instituted a rook war, but the

association fell to pieces from a very common cause, viz., lack of funds to pay the head-money, and the black marauders go on increasing and becoming more of a nuisance. On Pallinsburn estate many summer rookeries have been established, that is, nests to which the many wintered one does not lead his clanging tribe on winter nights, and the trees about the pond are thick with nests. Now even in old days I used often to be amused at the bickering between the two birds, the rooks hawking at the gulls winging home or wending abroad, and it well may be that things have got worse. The rook is an insufferable neighbour, quarrelsome, a stealer of eggs, murderer of unfledged young, everything that is bad. It is easily within the bounds of possibility that he has made the pond untenable. Certainly no other feathered neighbour would hurt them, for water

birds are, on the whole, a peaceable and law-abiding folk. No quarrel need be feared with the Bellpot—the local corruption of Baldpate the coot—which seems to be decreasing in numbers, or the mild-mannered moorhen, which is increasing, while the duck was ever known to be friendly, and the birds of no other tribe are sufficiently numerous to do any harm. If, however, there be any truth in the assertion that rats have been allowed to multiply in the plantation and round the water edge, no other explanation would seem to be necessary. Eggs and young, all are fish that get into the net of this monster. Most probably, however, the desertion has been caused not by any one of these causes acting by itself, but by all of them in combination, and the best chance of reattracting the gulls lies in the circumstance that Mr. Askew Robertson means, as we understand, to live at Pallinsburn himself in spring and summer. He is said to care a great deal for the gulls, and probably will entice them back by improving the nesting ground. It is evident that the creatures can be induced to return, as on and off they have tried to breed in Pawston Lake and other places in the neighbourhood. It would be very pleasant were he to succeed. The Northumbrians of the neighbourhood are very manly and pleasant, but they have a curious disregard for its charms. They have allowed a beautiful Dene to be cut down, built some of the most hideously ugly bridges in Great Britain, and now the Parish Council wishes to abolish the old ferry at Etal. That was always the way of the North, "dark and true and tender," but careless of the beautiful; but I hope they will not prove careless of the gull pond. It was one of the most beautiful bits of a beautiful country.

P. A. G.

## RIDING DOWN WOLVES.

WE are glad to find in the *Indian Sporting Times* of February 21st, 1901, ample proof that Mr. Cornish was right upon a point of sportsmanship which was much questioned. We are not surprised.

"In COUNTRY LIFE of January 26th that well-known sportsman, Alexander A. A. Kinloch, says that he has never heard of an authenticated case of a wolf being ridden down and speared single-handed. As I can give chapter and verse of such a case, I will do so. It is not by any means a solitary case; Colonel Nutt, if I remember right, succeeded in spearing a wolf in India. Although I was an eye-witness of what I relate nearly twenty years ago, the details are as clear in my memory as if they occurred yesterday.

"On September 12th, 1881, a party consisting of four spears left Bombay for Poona by the midday train. After a good dinner, two first-rate tongas were procured and the party drove to Loni Korigaon, where they put up for the night. The tonga ponies did the twelve miles in the hour, one dun country-bred keeping at a trot, whilst all the others galloped. There were good ponies in the Deccan in those days. For convenience we will call the members of the party Unnah, Thumbay, Tyler, and Black. Next morning early we started on horseback and crossed the Bhima River at the Ghât, where such a memorable fight took place in the Mahratta Wars, and where an obelisk is erected in memory of the men that fell in the battle. After crossing the river, we all turned right-handed and followed the bank to a village called Italwaree, where there was a large plantation of prickly pear—a notorious stronghold of the mighty boar. The four spears were assembled on some high ground, whilst the beaters were busy in the pear. On the right were two strips of babul, tooys, apart, and at one corner of the farther strip was posted a man with a flag in view of the riders, with instructions to signal if any animal broke in his direction. Presently three animals passed from one strip of babul to another, and then broke into the open plain near the flag-man, who was voted

asleep as he made no sign. Away galloped Unnah on his flea-bitten grey Arab, Woodpigeon, followed by Thumbay, on a very fast 15-hand Persian, called Cabin Boy. Going straight to the flag-man, Unnah, who took the initiative in everything, roared at him for not signalling the three pigs that had just passed. 'Soor nahin, Lungra hain,' says the man (Not pigs, but wolves). All this time the three wolves were lobbing away over the plain—arable land with young *Jowari*. As soon as Unnah heard the word *Lungra*, he determined to try and ride one down. The three wolves separated, and, picking out the biggest, Woodpigeon and his rider laid themselves out to catch him. Thumbay kept them in view as well as he could, but the Persian was not a stayer, though a sprinter, and Thumbay rode 14st., whereas Unnah rode 11st. It was a simple case of endurance. The chase swept in a wide circle, and when the wolf and horse were getting done, the former ran up a small heap of earth and turned his head for an instant. Unnah saw in a moment that the wolf was much distressed, and gathering Woodpigeon for a supreme effort, he drove the wolf at his best for 100yds. or so, and pinned him to the ground with a Bengal spear through his loins. Thumbay came up immediately after and finished off the wolf. Woodpigeon was much distressed after his gallop—estimated at four miles—and for which he had not received any special preparation. Anyone

who knows Bombay can testify that September is a month when horses are most unfit, seeing that there is no place to gallop them in the rains.

"Unnah got his horse away to the river at once, unsaddled him, and turned him into the river for a swim. The horse revived immediately, and next day took a first spear against fresh horses. The wolf was a well-developed male, in splendid condition. The ground was ordinary Deccan *Jowari* land. There were no jumps, and little, if any, rough ground, and Unnah received neither assistance nor hindrance from anyone or anything. It was a fair and square test of endurance, and the Arab won. Woodpigeon lived for twelve years after this run, and won both the Bhima and Guzerat Pigsticking Cups. He died at Bandora Point, and a stone marks his last resting-place. Unnah is dead, too, alas! and much sporting enterprise died with him. The wolf is to be seen in the Natural History Society's rooms in Bombay. "THUMBAY."

\* Unnah is Elder Brother and Thumbay is Younger Brother in the Tamil language. Unnah is Mr. N. S. Symons (dead); Thumbay is Mr. H. S. Symons, the writer; Tyler is Mr. E. M. Slater, Bank of Bengal, Bombay; Black is Mr. Cecil Gray, Secretary W.I. Turf Club, Bombay. Tyler and Black took no part in the above run.

## EPPING FOREST: I.—QUADRUPEDS.

TO those who are more intent on seeing things than collecting them, winter has many advantages. At all events, wild creatures then have fewer facilities for hiding. Trees are bare and black, but it is a soft and creamy black not at all unbeautiful, and very much the reverse at evening of a winter day when the sinking sun, like a ruddy blazing fire, is seen through the interlacing boughs. The great thickets of bramble and wild rose, brown, save where a lingering berry breaks the monotone with a red spot, are dry and whistling in the wind. Acres of what once was green bracken show only the shrivelled stalks, and even the heather could scarcely hide a rabbit. Thus all the movements and ongoings of the natural tenants of the forest are visible to him who looks. In those days troops of fallow deer may be seen at daybreak, close to the forest villages, hunting for forage in reality, though fancy easily dowers them with a desire to look scornful at the ever-growing heaps of bricks and mortar. The tiny roe-deer mostly go in twos and threes, and are to be found near human dwellings at all seasons. In June they drop their fawns in Hawks Wood and Bury Wood, both close to Chingford Station. A little dodging animal is the roe-buck here, with his small horns and the white spot behind. He makes off at a great pace when you meet him, but his terror is mere shamming. Experience has told him that the human pilgrim carries only a walking-stick, and no deadly tube wherewith to send a bullet singing at his heels. So he only gallops to a thicket or a holly bush, and through the spaces peers at the stranger with bright eyes. The fallow deer are almost as cunning and lazy, except when a number of larrikins, daring the vigilance of Mr. Butt and his myrmidons, circumvent and send them flying across the plain. A beautiful sight! There is no other animal, not even a hare or a race-horse, quite so graceful as a running deer. Time was when "black sausages" were obtainable at several places, and there are some old cottages near Epping where you still may see the pit under the hearthstone wherein the stolen deer were hid, for it was a belief, well founded or ill, that once the meat got there the depredator was immune from punishment. The deer poacher has not ceased out of the land, as proceedings in the local police-courts often testify; but instead of turning the meat into sausages to regale the holiday-maker, he carts

it off to Leadenhall Market. Judging from the number of deer that remain, his operations are not conducted on a very large scale. Deer form a most natural ornament to woodland, and their dark skins seem like moving parts of it as they canter down a dim forest glade overhung by "loose and melancholy boughs." But indeed every movement and attitude seems to belong to the trees. You never know how long a stag is till one has been seen erect on his hind legs, stretching up to the high crab apples of which deer are very fond, as they are also of beech-mast and every other species of nut. If you walk through the forest during the rutting season, when the ground is strewn with mast, it is nearly always from a group of beech trees that you hear the stags grunting—a barbarous word to apply to the love notes of a noble animal, but really the enamoured stag makes a noise extremely like that of a pig rooting for acorns, and very different from his pure-toned belling.

Either in winter or summer it is much less easy to see the badgers. They have done very well since they were let down in the earths near the Wake Arms in 1887. By the by, the geography of the forest is largely a matter of public-houses. There is the Forest Hotel as a starting point, and the cyclist goes up by the Robin Hood and the Wake Arms, while the pedestrian will have a pretty walk if he follows the path by the Woodman and the Owl to High Beech. Badgers are as difficult to observe as otters, or at least that is the experience of the writer. Some people, from what they say, would appear to be able to find these shy animals at any time, but it was never my luck. My boyhood was spent on the banks of a river much haunted by otters, yet, barring otter hunts, one can count on one's fingers the occasions when they were seen. A badger of irregular habits has more than once been encountered strolling the forest by daylight, but to get a view, the best plan is to mount to the cleft of a tree and keep vigil on a moonlight night, taking care that the wind is blowing from the earths. I did so, with a companion, one evening early last spring—the best time, because there is no foliage to obstruct your view. A sharp nor-easter was blowing and making the trees creak and the boughs moan, so that it was not comfortable to be so high; and yet it was interesting. The earths are a kind of happy home where foxes, rabbits, and badgers live together in

an armed truce, broken only when the foxes snatch the rabbits or the badgers murder the fox-whelps. About an hour after sunset is when the badger likes to start on his ramblings, and we took up our station at dusk. Reynard was the first astir. He came out, sat a minute on his hind legs scratching himself, and then slinked off at a trot, and was quickly lost among the tree shadows. Then came a period of waiting, during which a bewildered bird that had evidently been startled from its perch fluffed against my cheek with its soft feathers as it flew stupidly in the darkness. Wood-owls, which have considerably increased, tu-whoed to the melancholy wind, and now and then one was visible sailing about in the moonlight. Rabbits appeared as by magic, scratching and thumping under



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A MORNING DRAUGHT.

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one's very feet, and then scuttling away again. At last came the badgers, of which all one can say is that they were visible, but only as dark lumps relieved by white. They, too, scratched about a bit, always in shadow unfortunately, and then went muttering away down the forest, making one think of little fat asthmatic dwarfs. It was good fortune to have seen as much. The usual fate is for one to keep watch in the cold till the limbs are stiff, and then for some wretched terrier out "on its own" to appear at the earths and make vain your patience. Apparently the badgers have greatly flourished, though no one can take a census of them, because they have established new colonies not only in the forest, but in adjoining properties. Neighbouring owners, it must be said, act very well. Among other things Epping Forest is a great covert for vermin that stray far and near, and yet a successful endeavour has been made to restrain keepers and their masters from shooting any animal that is rare.

Rabbits were very scarce a few years ago. Even in the last edition of his admirable "Guide," Mr. Edward North Buxton says they are "in no great numbers." That is changed, and there are such multitudes that they would be the better for an annual killing out, as they are in danger of fouling the ground. It is rather curious, since their natural enemies are preserved with equal care. Stoats are very abundant, and it is not uncommon, even in middle day during the holiday season, for one to be seen following its prey like a tiny bloodhound close to Connaught Water. Weasels abound too, and foxes are quite plentiful, while in spring one can often see on the open space at Fair Mead where the badger has been digging the doe's nest from her stop. Yet on the multiplication of rabbits these carnivora appear to exercise no perceptible check. It is the same with the pheasants. Considering the hordes of birds'-nesting children that no law can prevent harrying and destroying, it is astonishing how many broods are reared annually. Partridges do not care



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## FALLOW DEER.

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once he has climbed a tree he will always be sullen, and never so tame that he will run about at ease and crack nuts on his master's shoulder. The household tabby, though she will readily kill and eat a squirrel, makes the best of nurses if she happens to have kittens of her own. When alarmed, the mother squirrel takes her young by the neck and carries them aloft one at a time.

It is an absurd fancy, perhaps, but I like to watch the very small animals which find in the forest both larder and covert. The dormouse, like a diminutive squirrel, may in autumn often be seen with a nut in his fore paws, boring a hole in the shell with his long front teeth. Then also there are the long-tailed field-mice and the short-tailed, that you find out from the rustling they make among the dead leaves that clothe the ground of a thicket, where they live secure from their great enemy the owl, but not from the slim weasel, who hunts and kills them. Water voles have undermined a part of the banks of Connaught Water, and the pretty water shrew may be found, by those who know how to look for him, in the ditches that flow as clearly as mountain rillelets down the forest. And the great brown rat finds a home here too. In summer he loves to haunt the precincts of the various tea shanties and roundabouts, where the ground is frequently strewn with bits of bread and other waste of careless children, but how he manages to forage for a living in winter, when all these wooden houses are stowed away in various back gardens, passes one's power to guess.

The most interesting fact about these wild creatures is that although all are protected alike, the harmless victim as well as the beast of prey, they seem to flourish quite well side by side. It

would almost seem as though Nature, if left to herself, really did preserve some sort of balance, and indeed it is doubtful if ever in natural history the extermination of one species could be distinctly traced to the animosity of another. Evidently carnivorous animals either do not multiply so quickly as the others, or they are exposed to more forms of disease. The stoats, for instance, though much more numerous than they are in any private ground, are not nearly so much so as the rabbits. In spring one often sees a family of weasels out in the sun—the young can fight before they can run—yet they do not multiply half so quickly as the mice that live quite close to them.



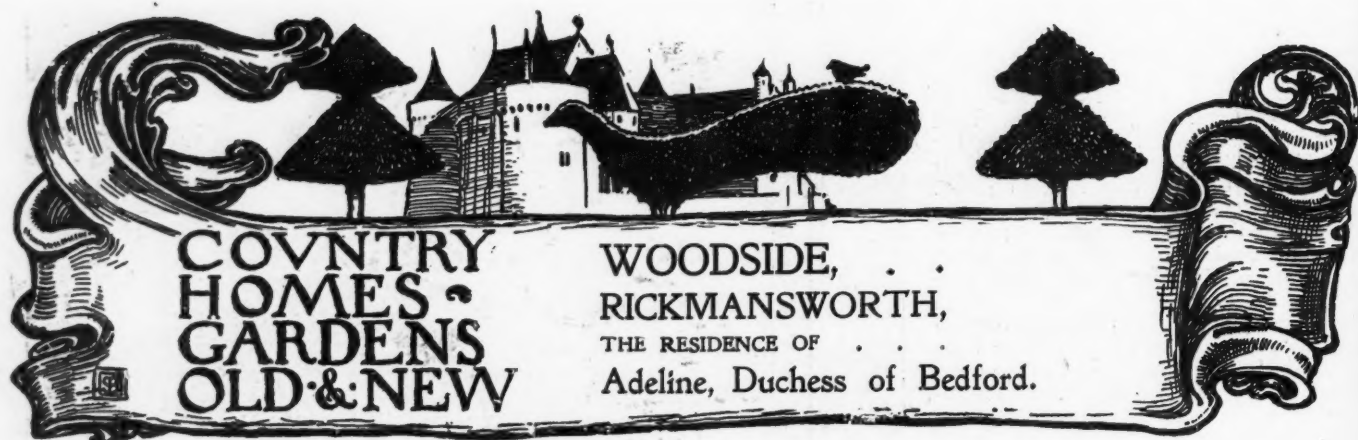
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## YOUNG FOXES.

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for the woodland; yet they come—the red-legged Frenchman mostly—to the open ground. Hares are not abundant, yet it is far from uncommon to behold Wat start from his form and gallop down the woodland paths.

In the old days when pollarding was customary, the squirrels had a bad time of it, and were easily hunted to death, and became scarce accordingly. Now there are thousands among the trees, and in winter their "dreys" are exposed among the bare foliage. They often choose to leave their young in holes quite near the ground, so that the schoolboys get them easily for pets. Delightful they are, only you must catch the squirrel early; if



**W**E have illustrated in these pages many great and splendid gardens, some of them the works of masters of a former time, and some the creations of modern days, and we have now chosen a lesser and yet a very beautiful example to show what successful things can be achieved upon a comparatively small scale. Woodside, the house with the garden in question, is at Chenies, near Rickmansworth in Hertfordshire, and lies just beyond the village, near the foot of a somewhat steep hill, which, it will be observed, has given by its slope many opportunities to the gardener. It is a district of much rural picturesqueness, famous for the seats of noblemen and gentlemen which thereabout abound. An intense love for natural beauty has inspired the creation of the garden at Chenies, which has been lately laid out, and it will be seen that the work has been conducted in a truly artistic spirit, and with fine imaginative talent. The house itself is plain and not impressive, but it is characterised by a certain picturesqueness of outline and features, and from every point of view in the gardens is particularly

pleasing. Thus, for example, looking across the daffodil bank, it will be noticed how it is covered with a delicate trellis-work, upon which tender things are tempted to grow.

The slope of the ground suggested the terraced character which will be observed, and it is notable that the garden embodies the character both of the slope and the terrace, of the natural and the formal, the green lawns leading downward being the framework for that delightful terraced descent. Turf, one of the most beautiful things to be found in these latitudes, is not wanting. The world would be a dreary place without it, and as Charles Dudley Warner says, the original Garden of Eden could not have had such turf as one sees in England. Descending, then, by sloping paths and stairways between the lawns, and by a delightful sundial, you reach the Pond Court, which is the central feature of the garden most admirably conceived. You have passed, as you approached it, by gay flower-beds and rich green yew hedges, and find something very quaint in the wooden pavement and the stone edgings of the flower-beds in the court itself. Above the pond, the pillars, which have a true Jacobean







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THE TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE POND COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

cast, bear heavy beams, and upon them climbing roses have cast their tendrils. Here is the characteristic of the old English garden—its simplicity. The whole of the court is enframed by yew hedges, and at its corners are the delightful seats which will be observed in the pictures.

Nothing could surpass the special charm of the surroundings.

On one hand you pass by an opening in the hedge into a beautiful rectangular enclosed garden, where other fine hedges enframe rich flower-beds and green grass edgings, and at the other end is a most tasteful seat, where it is pleasant to sit and look at what has been left behind. Here, screened off, is a retired and sheltered place, such as Chaucer might have loved, and where many



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LOOKING FROM THE COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



lovely blossoms flourish. The trees that are beyond this garden again are singularly beautiful, and lend rare richness to this part of the grounds. Then, retracing your steps, you find on the other side of the Pond Court the rock garden, where irises and other water-loving plants find a congenial home. Here, then, is a delightful contrast of character. From the semi-formality of the enclosed garden courts, you have passed, before reaching the foot of the slope, into a tract of the garden

where Nature, under the gardener's hand, is tempted to manifest, among rocky surroundings and in her own way, some special charms of which she is mistress.

From the paths near the house, running along the front of it, all the beautiful things which we have described may be surveyed, and it would be impossible to think of a prospect more quaintly attractive. Water pervades the place, for from the Pond Court and the rock garden it is but a few paces to the river which flows at the foot of the slope, with an old flour mill on the left. Most tempting are the walks that have been laid out by the stream. Here great firs, sycamores, and elms overshadow the way, as well as many ornamental trees, while

nodding daffodils light up the grass and irises border the stream. The water is crossed by a bridge, which again is very tasteful, and beyond it is another region of garden delight in the rose garden, divided into square spaces, and neighboured by a delightful croquet lawn.

The slope from the house down to the river faces the north, but the trees give shelter, and the effects attained are most successful. The details of the work have been very carefully thought out, and

no point of harmony or contrast has been overlooked. The shrubs and trees which are in the upper part of the garden have a most happy effect from below, and the formality of the descent by the sundial to the Pond Court and the rectangular garden, which has been referred to, brings into the creation those formal or marked features without which good gardening is scarcely possible. The vistas opened through the grounds in every direction, and particularly from beneath the neighbourhood of the Pond Court, are extremely delightful.

Truly, before the gardener began his work, Nature had done very much to prepare for the exercise of his skill. There was a green slope, and there was a flowing river in two branches



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THE WATER GARDEN.

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at the foot, and the whole of the area was graced by trees as beautiful as could anywhere be found. There was nothing exceptional in these conditions. They may be found almost anywhere in sunny England; but not everywhere has such a sympathetic, discerning, and artistic hand been found to plan and work out such a creation as that we depict. The Poet Laureate has said that what governed him in forming his own garden was what he found there. This is true of the garden at Woodside, but some appropriate things have been added. And yet it is astonishing, when we come to think of it, how few and simple, and how easily attainable, are the main essentials for creating a good garden, and strange therefore how rarely these essentials are well employed. The garden of Adeline Duchess of Bedford is a very successful example, and a very suggestive one, as to how, where magnificence is not sought, and where, indeed, it may not be desirable, the talent of a skilled hand may produce what magnificence could not achieve. What we especially remark in this garden is that all the work is particularly good. The hedges are small but of the best, and the masonry is everywhere as good as could be desired. Note, for example, the character of the edgings to the flower-beds in the Pond Court, and the wholly satisfactory character of the rose-twined pillars and of the panelled masonry that neighbours them. Then, again, it was an admirable idea thus to create in the Pond Court a centre from which the various features of the garden might open out. It may perhaps be thought that some more ornamental feature than the wooden beams should have crowned these pillars. They seem to suggest something in the nature, perhaps, of an architectural crown, which might well have lent itself to the gardener's hand. However, let us be well content with the plentiful good things that are provided in this sweet garden at Chenies, and those who look at our pictures may well draw inspiration from its scenes. They will note particularly that it is a natural pleasure upon which a certain desirable formality and a certain architectural character have been conferred. With these remarks we shall leave the Duchess of Bedford's garden,



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THE ROCK GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and it is particularly pleasant to do so by the way of that stream which is so delightfully neighboured by friendly paths, and so sweetly margined by the flowers and trees that love the water-side.

## . . MELODIE . .

THE dreary London afternoon was fast closing in. It was the end of one of those days when from early morning the fog had hung damply round everything, making men sad, places too. Somehow it helped to toss up old sorrows, thoughts to be hidden for ever. From some quarter, towards the hour of sunset, a gentle breath of air blew—it could hardly be called a wind—and thinned the atmosphere, allowing a glow to be seen towards the west, where a golden colour, that darkened to red, shone. Soon a ball of living fire swung into view, to stay for a short time ere another bank of mist rose up and all was greyness once more.

Felix Wollner strode across Chelsea Bridge with his beloved violin and a mind full of music. The passing of vehicles on the roadway suggested rhythms, and the flowing of the waters beneath told him its song. In it was a melody to be remembered, so, stopping, he leant his instrument-case on the ironwork of the bridge, partly leaning on it himself. A shaft of sun caught the nickel handle of his case and made him raise his eyes to gaze at the wonderful effect of sun and mist. It made him remember his dead wife, bringing up her death scene, attendant with a whole train of thought that oscillated between Heaven and earth.

The old man had not much religion, and when asked about his faith, he would shake his head with its mass of iron-grey hair, and say: "Music is my faith, my religion, and if in Heaven it reigns, it is good; but I do not know, nor do you. It must come from somewhere, for it soothes sorrow, drives to despair, and lifts us up to some other sphere than ours. Therefore it is mysterious, and what is mysterious can be translated in many ways. It's my God, my all."



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THE HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Then he would once more return to his world of melody.

As he stood on the bridge he thought of his wife who had married him away in Nussloch, a village of the Fatherland, where the birds used to sing at this very hour, and he, with Freda as a companion, used to go in the early evening and sit on a seat of rustic logs to listen to their song. He would tell her in his boyish ardour that they were singing about himself, telling of how he would one day be a great musician, just as that one sits there, the one on the high bough, singing louder than the rest, while those below answer and sing in unison. This went on evening after evening until he, a lad even then, joined the orchestra which plays in the garden behind the old ruined castle of Heidelberg, set like a red jewel in the midst of a wealth of green, where the students have, and will continue to, come to drink beer, arrange duels, and ogle the girls as they pass by.

It was a proud day when Freda journeyed in from the village by the earliest train in order to hear Felix play. Her heart was so full of joy to see him there, that it was with difficulty she restrained a desire to call out aloud, so as to let all hear that the fourth violin was her lover, and when there was enough money to buy their daily portion of black bread and beer they would be married, a time which arrived even sooner than her most sanguine moments had suggested.

One winter season the whole band arranged a long tour of the large towns of England. London naturally came first, and Felix's heart was glad, for his wife could go there, too, and stay with an aunt, who had been almost a mother to her in past days. It all fitted in so beautifully. Alas! the dampness of London gave Freda bronchitis so badly that the troupe had to depart on their way without Felix, who refused to leave his wife. Now began a harder struggle than ever. Sometimes they were almost starving, for England is not so essentially musical as Germany, and orchestras are not so numerous; besides, there are many more to fill vacant places when they do occur. An additional trouble was their little weakly daughter, who was always ill. However, Felix would say: "I can bear it, for she is so full of melody. Some day she will be strong enough to play my music, and then all the world will wonder at her."

Almost day and night she practised to fulfil this wish, until influenza bore away the soul of Freda, and only kleine Freda remained. Then domestic duties fell so hard on the little daughter that practising was not so easy, and at last almost ceased, for her violin had to go to buy food, and Felix could not permit kleine Freda to use his too often.

Father and daughter stood by the bedside as the wife's soul was going forth. Felix knelt, and taking his wife's hand, said:

"Meine Freda, hush, the angel voices are round us. If we stay still it may be I shall catch a little of their melody."

All was still, but no sound of music came.

"Freda, if you go to Heaven, where they say in books, and depict in pictures, the angels sing, ask them for your sake—you are leaving us for them—and for mine, too, that into kleine Freda a little of their melody may be instilled. That will make up for our losing you. I will not then mind so much. Only for your sake," he bent forward, "for the sake of Himmel do this. I would give my soul as well as yours for it to come to pass." Then with a voice that almost broke in its earnestness: "I must, and shall, have melody in meine kleine Freda!"

No answer or sign was given, for the soul had sped forth on its mission. Felix stood transfixed in thought for a time, nor did he allow kleine Freda to move. Then he quietly left the room, and returned almost directly, to find his child weeping. In a moment a plaintive melody floated from his violin. It told the tale of his sorrow. No words, no actions could have expressed what he felt as did that old instrument. For some

hour or so the music was heard, and the kind, untidy landlady, thinking the patient must be a little better, kept everybody away from the room. At last, from sheer exhaustion, the violin was allowed to fall on the bed, and over it the player bent and was lost in sleep.

These tableaux, that were passing before his eyes as he looked at the sunset, were interrupted by a hand being placed in his, and a voice saying:

"Mein vater, you look out on all this, and I know you think of mutter. It is five years to-day since she died, and I'm twenty instead of fifteen."

"Yes, child. Five years to-day."

"I thought you would be coming away from your rehearsal about now, so I left our little lodging to come and meet you, being careful to look for you all the way, and even ran a few paces after a man I thought was you going down Prince of Wales Road."

"Child, I wish I could give you better house room. It will come, though. All my music has failed, but this won't. They played so well to-day; it was true melody. To-morrow night my name shall be on every person's lips. I shall be recognised."

"If not, vater, what will you do?"

"I cannot fail," with a jerk of his violin-case that suggested the movement of a handshake. "I've so often failed that it would be nothing new. This time I feel it will succeed. Come, we must get to our supper, or I shall be late for my orchestra. Second violin cannot play such pranks."

They walked along quickly and passed in by the park gates, where many cyclists turned to look at the venerable old man and his sickly-looking daughter, so strangely clad in a large check plaid dress, and hair in two tails behind. There was, however, something attractive about them, and more than one felt a strong desire to go and speak to the two. They soon came to their dirty street, bespattered here and there with papers and rubbish. Passing up the steps before a dingy door, they opened it and went in. The small sitting-room which was entered was almost destitute of furniture, and a most frugal meal was on the table. No luxuries were theirs; a hard, hand-to-mouth struggle daily went on. The old man knew not how nor where their food came from, nor did he care to know; so long as his body was strong enough to play music he was happy. He was composing a piece for kleine Freda to play, and was in difficulty over a few bars which would not harmonise. Hours he had spent over it, still it would not come. Now up and down with his instrument he

went. At last sitting down he sighed:

"Freda, I cannot get it, and I did so want you to play it when you made your first public appearance on Saturday. See, to-day is Tuesday. You must play something else."

Then he made another attempt

"Vater, it is seven o'clock. Ought you not to go?"

"Jah, my daughter."

Almost without a word he went, thinking of her all the way to the Albert Hall; but once he entered that shrine of his all this world was a blank. He lived amidst the wild fancies of a sphere of melody, more pleasant than this, no cold, no hunger, nor sorrow, everything clear, and all so happy, amid flowers, streams, golden sunshine, at peace.

On the Wednesday evening, the night for the first performance of his new piece, Freda entered the concert-room and took her seat just before the first item on the programme, her father's being second. She knew how excited he was, and how she had all day vainly endeavoured to make him eat and rest. She did not often pray, but she did now, hands clasped, eyes tight shut, with her thick lips working away at words asking God for success. She knew what it meant to her vater.

"Ah, mein vater will die, so God grant him what I ask."



Copyright WOODSIDE: THE DAFFODIL BANK.

"C.L."

The first piece was over, and the slight applause died away; then for a moment there was the silence of an expectant audience. A murmur of greeting passed round as her "vater" came on the platform to conduct the orchestra. He looked at Freda, and she prayed the more. It came and went; to her it was true melody. What! no sound of approbation heard, only a slight buzz, which betokened disappointment? Felix stood hardly a moment before going slowly off the platform. Freda in her anguish rose to her feet, shaking like a leaf in an autumn breeze. She held the back of her seat firmly with one hand, then cried, with an anguish of mind: "Cannot you applaud?"



E. Wallis.

BIRCH.

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People raised their heads, some craning their necks to see who was speaking.

"Applaud, for Himmel's sake! It is my father's piece! He will die! Applaud!"

Some programmes fluttered to the ground, and a few feminine hands, touched by pity, feebly answered her appeal. It only made it worse by its hollowness. Freda clapped violently; but what was that when, save for the few feeble responses, all was silence?

A few minutes later the two went out crestfallen and utterly miserable. Neither spoke until their rooms were entered, then the old man turned, with huge moist drops running down his cheeks, to Freda, saying, with a shake of his head:

"There is no Himmel, no God, or else all melody would not have gone. I have none in me, it was all a mistake. My

wife, where is she? I thought she was in Himmel; but that can't be, for she would have told the angels to make me known, to make my music melody. All I learnt from the sun and beautiful sky when I looked at them is not true; there is no melody in those elements, nor in me. I thought that by the study of them they would reflect what was in me. So they have. I'm their mirror, and that shows there is no melody nor Himmel. Güte nacht, Freda; sleep well."

He did not sleep, nor did she. Her night was spent in prayer, and his in thoughts of more music. It could not be helped, for habit had made it second nature to compose whenever quite alone. Ere the dawn came he had run through a short prelude for violin.

The evening of the third day after this night of agony Freda stepped on to the platform feeling she had to gain fame for her father by his piece—a melody from the brain of that man whose life, whose very soul, was music. Forcing herself to be calm, she began the prelude, trying to compel the public to appreciate it. At first they were attracted by the girl, who seemed to stand so naturally and free from stage craft, then slowly by the music. Felix had posted himself by the tiny green-room door, where he could see all. Both were wondering would it succeed, or was failure to mock them yet once more? So great was the tension that they dreaded the last chord. It came to an end. She dropped her hand with the violin, and looked forth. As a murmuring stream a sound arose, which grew each moment until it seemed to drown all else. The audience rose from their seats, applauded the player, and called for the composer. Felix came forward and looked towards his daughter. Then he forgot all, even the cheering, and took Freda—kleine Freda—in his arms and kissed her.

"There is a Himmel, and melody too. I was wrong. Freda is there, and has sent it to me, and through you to the world. Himmel—melody! I am happy!" H. TIGHE.

## Beauty of . Tree Forms.

THESE trees that are pictured here are in their undress, that is to say, in their winter leaflessness. That is obvious. That which will be less obvious is the reason why it is chosen to depict them in

this leaflessness—these works of Flora, of which their foliage is, in common estimation, their glory.

The common estimation is not always the most artistic. The man in the street, as he is called, when he leaves the street and goes into the country paths, finds himself enthusiastic over the young greens (not cabbages) of spring, the wealth of summer foliage, the autumn radiances; but the artist, though he will not deny these their peculiar glories, has a still higher appreciation for the more tender harmonies of winter and the forms of the sylvan beauties which often are more hidden than enhanced by their foliage. The photographic art is peculiarly adapted for the representation of the more delicate details of tree forms. The paint-brush cannot rival its delicacy, but it is only when the tree is stripped of its foliage, as in winter, or with the foliage just beginning to shape itself, in early spring, that photography can



really do justice to the forms. Later, in the case of most foliage, its detail becomes lost in its mass.

There are exceptions. The birches, the alders, the smaller-leaved poplars do not get their foliage so massed that the leaves that make the mass are lost to sight, but they are exceptional in this. The beautiful *POPLAR* in the illustration could not show its form more perfectly though it were stripped never so bare. It is a shrub-like form, with foliage-bearing shoots right down to the ground, that we do not often see equalled for graceful symmetry. A Philistine friend, to whom I show it, informs me it reminds him of a shaving-brush; but one does not count Philistines among the serious critics.

Yet even he has no word of cavil to mingle with his admiration of the *LIME* that forms the subject of the last picture. As a single tree it is a very fine specimen. I do not know that the lime is one of the trees that were sacred in primitive religions, like the *Bo* tree of India, the *Ygg-drasil*, or sacred ash, of the Norsemen, and many more; but there would be very little wonder if many legends were to belong to the lime tree, so vocal is it,



E. Wallis.

WEeping BIRCH.

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with the murmur of myriad hummings, in its flowering season. Poets talk to us of the "Whispering sound of the cool colonnade"—that is to say, of poplar groves; but the lime, when the flower is out and millions of bees are sucking at the nectar, gives out a hum that is like the singing of the telegraph wires when the winds are playing *Æolian* music on them. The vocal tree was a living legend long before Spenser wrote his "*Faerie Queen*," and it is much more interesting to try to believe some of these pleasant fairy tales now than to be too hopelessly scientific. We well know that the chosen people, in their captivity, hung their harps, by the waters of Babylon, on the willow trees, and

that that tree has been the weeping willow ever since. Old Fuller knew all about it. "The willow is a sad tree," he says, "whereof such as have lost their love make their mourning garment." One would get tired before one had finished with familiar quotations from the poets about the wearing of the willow. "Wielding the willow" has a different significance—more cheerful. It is used as short for "batting" by people who write reports of

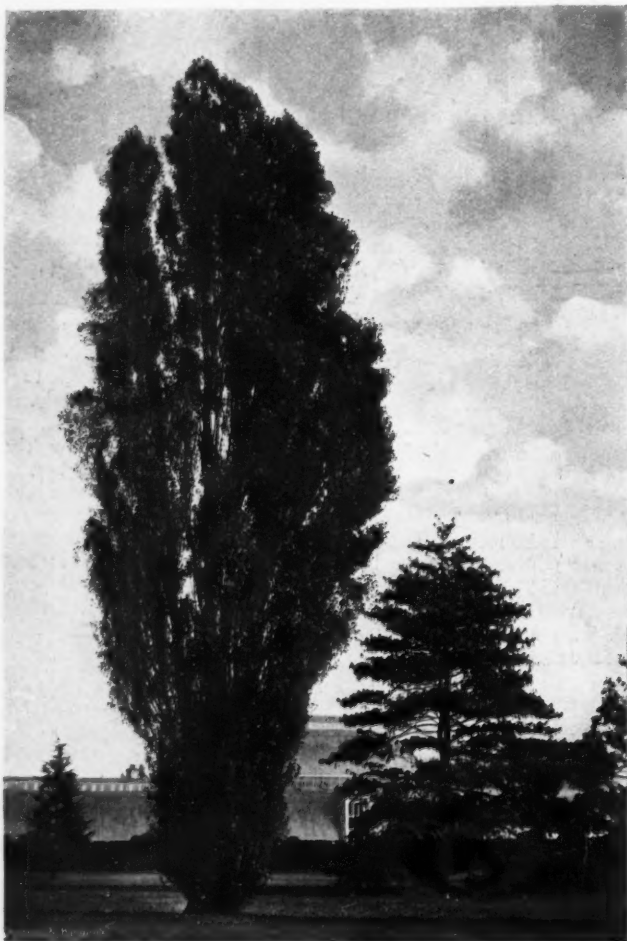


E. Wallis.

WEeping WILLOW.

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cricket matches. Also, in regard to this **WEeping Willow** of the picture, there looks a mighty good place for a trout under its hanging branches. The worst of it is, it is a catchy place for throwing one's fly, and the angler might conceivably sit down to weep and hang up his hooks in the branches. First cousins of this, the common and recognised weeping willow of England, are the **KILMARNOCK Willow** and **AMERICAN Weeping Willow**. The botanist, I fancy, is content with classing them as varieties merely, not claiming for them the dignity of species. The willow is not the only tree that weeps. Probably any tree will weep, under sufficient force of depression. The most elegant weepers



E. Wallis.

**POPLAR.**

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are always those with the lightest, most feathery branches. In gardens, next to the willow, we most often, perhaps, see the ash or the birch trained to weep. The **WEeping Birch** is graceful in its sorrow. Ofcourse it is an affair of taste. As such it is outside the pale of profitable discussion. But, after all, is it not a pity to make these poor things weep, with their arms dependent in dejection, when they look so glorious in their own upright stature, reaching up to heaven? A weeping tree makes a good shelter, no doubt—a pleasant roof for a seat, and a cool shade. That it showers down earwigs and caterpillars upon



E. Wallis.

**WHITE WILLOW.**

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you as you sit, is but a detail. Looking at it from this utility point of view, then, let us say all possible good of it. But, as a thing of beauty, does it compare with the same tree in its rejoicing attitude, in the attitude in which God meant it to grow? Well, after all, it is, as said before, a question of taste; and let whoso will decide which way he please between the weeping birch and weeping willows shown and the ordinary form of the birch and of the **WHITE WILLOW** with limbs going naturally aloft. The **BIRCH**, in the present writer's worthless judgment, is the most lovely and graceful tree that Providence has given us—the birch, that is, growing as Providence meant it to grow.

These, of course, are ornamental rather than timber trees, although the timber of some of them is of value. Their principal use, as they are here pictured, is for ornament—to delight the eye in garden and in landscape. "God Almighty," Bacon says, "first planted a garden. And, indeed," he adds, "it is the purest of humane pleasures." It was very many years ago, too, that Evelyn wrote his "*Sylva*"—namely, in Charles II.'s time.

And yet, in spite of the honour of both these great men, the garden, Bacon, and the sylviculturist, Evelyn, it is to be feared that in neither department of this floral work are we of England very clever. Both Bacon and Evelyn brought most of their notions from abroad, and to-day, if we want to learn forestry, we have to go to the continent of Europe (Germany by preference) to learn it. Mr. Schlich was lecturing only the other day on "The World's Timber Supply" before the Society

E. Wallis. **KILMARNOCK WILLOW AND AMERICAN WEEPING WILLOW.** Copyright



of Arts. His name does not sound strictly English. Lord Nelson, in his day, occupied some of his very small leisure in writing an essay on the oak timber in the Forest of Dean, urging the necessity of better forestry, to the Prime Minister. Whether the Prime Minister took note of it we do not know, but certain it is that our forestry still lacks "principles," is too happy-go-lucky, even if we make efforts to plant trees for posterity at all.

There is something of the old-world tree-worship about the planting of a tree on the occasion of a child's birth. It is a bad custom, though a pretty one; for, if the tree flourishes, it is taken merely as an omen that the child is doing as it should be expected to do; whereas if the tree languishes there is "the devil to pay" in the solicitude that it causes to the nurse and the mother as to the child's health. Even so strong-minded and altogether superior a person as the ordinary father can hardly help being a little bit affected by the health of the tree that has its birthday with the child's.

It is certain that we are moving forward in the direction of the right æsthetic aims in our gardenings. We flatter ourselves that we are, at any rate; and we have to congratulate ourselves on our Miss Jekylls, our Mrs. Earles, and the rest of the pioneers—never forgetting COUNTRY LIFE itself. But, at the same time, it is certain that we still have a long way to go before we can arrive at a goal that we may call, even in our human sense, perfection; and one element that we have neglected strangely is the artistic grouping of trees. It is a branch of landscape gardening, more than of the little gardening of beds and borders; but that is not a reason why it should not have the like care given to it. Of course, the reason that it does not have care given, is that the results do not appear quickly. There is almost the *motif* of a tragedy in the idea of a father planting with excessive care a sylvan group to be the joy of his son, and finding this son and heir with the tastes of an unregenerate son of Gath. More than this, the taste of one age is the abomination of the next, the æsthete of one generation the Philistine of the next. By the time your tree has grown, your taste has changed its canons.

But there are certain arrangements that we cannot conceive ever losing their power to give joy to the eye of man—arrangements that go to the principles of all taste, such as harmony and contrast. Can we conceive an era when there will not be a delight to the human eye in such a contrast as is given by this feathery birch (the upstanding tree, be it understood) thrown against a background of dark fir—contrast of feathery form against the stern fir foliage outlines, and contrast of delicate colour, of silvery white stem against the sombre green and the rufous trunks? If this is ever to cease to delight, then the human heart and the human eye must change; and we cannot prescribe for such catastrophes as that.

Of course, once the theory is stated, the instances of its application can be multiplied without stopping. And it is not a novel theory; it is not by any means one of those things "that no fellow can understand." It is a thing that every fellow can and does understand; but the trouble of the matter is that so few fellows are at the pains to act on it—to put the copper beech pleasantly mingling with the silver birches, the common beech in hedgerows alternating with the holly, because the

former keeps its russet leaves through the winter and makes a charming contrast, and a perpetual screen, with the holly. But to what purpose, as I say, to multiply instances? It is only necessary to get the idea in mind; and then it is not from black ink on white paper that you will get suggestions for acting on it, but from the garden that, as Bacon says, "God Almighty planted."

And no doubt much of your trouble will be to make of your own garden something not too unlike His—not to make the sylvan, when you come playing your tricks with it, look too formal. This is a danger that you must ever watch to avoid. The height of art, in this landscape gardening, is to conceal art. The harmonies and the contrasts must be there, but they must look as if Nature, not your gardener, had put them there. This is the



E. Wallis.

LIME.

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height of art. In the meantime, these pictures that show the tree forms so charmingly may help with some suggestions.

## ON THE GREEN.

BY the time these notes go to print Oxford will have beaten Cambridge at golf. The man who will venture to prophesy in such terms of an affair of such nature as the game of golf is liable to a great deal. For all that, it is to be said that Cambridge have been an unlucky side. The luck of the green has gone against them several times. They have met opponents playing at their best, while they themselves were playing below their standard, and luck itself is a hard opponent to fight against, and the result—although individually the men are good enough—is that

they have lost the conviction of success which wins so many matches. Oxford, on the other hand, have been beaten once only, and then with Mr. Bramston and Mr. Lawrence away. So they will win. It is a hard matter for Cambridge to come from the featureless flats of Colindale Common to face the fearful Sandwich bunkers. The Oxford course, to be sure, is not St. Andrews, but in comparison with the course at Cambridge it is as is the Isis to the Cam. It is a pity that by no ingenuity or expense can a first-rate course be found for the really first-rate golf that can be played to-day by undergraduates. One of the best things a University player has done this year was Mr. Norman Hunter's beating of Mr. S. H. Fry on his home course, Mid-Surrey. That, in the vernacular, takes a deal of doing. Times are mightily changed, in regard to University golf, from the day when the writer had the honour of representing Oxford in the first Inter-Varsity match at Wimbledon. The trial matches now give the Universities a chance of gauging their relative strength. Oxford have suffered but a single overthrow, while Cambridge, lately beaten by Woking and Eltham, in spite of another gallant win of seven holes by Mr. Hunter in the former match, have an unbroken record of defeats that really merits "chicane" or some like form of consolation.

*Golf Illustrated* has lately held what is often called a "symposium," though without any of the refreshment that the etymology of the word would suggest, about the best and most difficult holes in golf. The discussion

provoked interesting expressions of opinion, but on the whole leaves the subject much where it found it. It is not possible to lay down an ideal length for a hole, though the aim should be to make holes of the length of a single shot, or multiples of a full shot, in order to give the man who has played his drives perfectly the just advantage of his perfection. That appears to be the outcome, roughly stated, of it all. There are those who object that a man who has erred in his drive should be given a chance of recovery by exceptional approaching, and that at holes of the approved lengths there would be no approach play at all in perfect golf. Perhaps the answer to this is that perfect golf is not played even by the best players, and that the liability to human error will introduce quite enough opportunities of testing the approach play. The winds of heaven, moreover, are a factor in the virtual length of holes. We can but aim at the ideal, we cannot realise it; and golf, in spite of never so many a "symposium," will retain its glorious uncertainty.

The match in which Turnbull of Musselburgh beat Caldwell of Dalkeith rather severely in a home-and-home fight, is the first for the year of professional contests of any importance, although a programme of more than common interest is in prospect. These are names not very well nor widely known, yet the local interest aroused by their match was great, the Musselburgh men—miners for the most part, and always the keenest of sportsmen—turning out of their underground burrows in thousands to see their man win.



## AT THE THEATRE

**T**IME flies! "A Fool's Paradise," first produced at the Garrick Theatre in 1892, is already an old play. It is an excellent old play; but it is an old play. Mr. Grundy would write it entirely differently now. He would probably not choose the same sub-

ject; but, if he did, he would work it out quite differently. Where there is now downright black and white there would be greys and drabs; there would be saving graces in the wickedness; perhaps flaws in the virtue. Where, in 1892, everything was positive or negative, in 1901 there would be suggestion, compromise, "subtlety." There would be no "slabs" of comic relief sandwiched between the more serious moments.

Whether the old method is or is not the better is a point for argument. Whether or not there is not more excitement, drama, interest in it is certainly a question. Not for an instant do we suggest that the newer mode is an improvement. Very often we get nowadays plenty of subtlety, metaphysics, nuances of temperament and emotion, complication of motive and reality of analysis, but no drama. We lose sight of the story in the trimmings. The ideal thing, of course, would be the modern treatment with the old matter. If Mr. Grundy could retain the old strength of "A Fool's Paradise" with the modern finesse it would be a better play even than it is. But if we can only have one of these things, we would prefer to keep the strength and let the finesse go hang.

Not that "A Fool's Paradise" is clumsy, rough, lacking in style, or anything of that kind. The name of Grundy is proof that its construction is admirable, its dialogue polished. All that one feels is a certain something, almost indefinable, that the play was written some years ago. If our dramatists to-day who think so much of "characterisation," "psychology," "manner," will go and see "A Fool's Paradise," and come away with the fixed intention of writing plays with a similar strength and interest, it will benefit them and their audiences immensely. For "A Fool's Paradise" is "drawing-room melodrama," and, while we want other things on the stage besides drawing-room melodrama, that class of piece should always be well in evidence.

Miss Kate Rorke, whose company began its provincial and suburban travels at the Coronet Theatre recently, deserves the heartiest support wherever she goes. When her company is announced our readers will do well to book their seats. She provides a strong play by a leading author, acted by a company worthy to perform it at any theatre in the West End of London. It could hardly be better done. First, there is Miss Rorke herself, who, for this occasion only, is the villain of the piece. Miss Rorke, the lovable heroine of a hundred plays, gentle, sweet, clinging, is now the lady poisoner, Beatrice Selwyn; in the original production she was seen as Kate Derwent, the good girl. As the wicked woman who slowly poisons her husband

with arsenic in order that she may be free to marry Lord Normantower, endowing him and herself with her dead husband's money, Miss Rorke hides with excellent effect the unscrupulous cruelty of the would-be murderess, under a suave, gracious, and charmingly feminine manner, which is as effective as it is fascinating.

The contrast of the winsome, pretty, lightsomely earnest and alluringly merry Eva Moore, as the delicious specimen of English girlhood which wins the heart of the man whom the other woman desires—the young girl to whom really belongs all the wealth coveted by Beatrice Selwyn, the wealth for which she is sinning, the wealth in the wrongful possession of the man slowly being done to death—is delightful. When one hears the rippling laugh of Miss Moore, and watches the naturalness and unaffectedness of everything she does, grave or gay, criticism is silent. Mr. Alfred E. Raynor, as Selwyn, the husband who almost dies under the fiendish hands of his wife, as the man who, ignorantly and innocently enough, stands between Kate Derwent and her own, acts admirably. Mr. Dawson Milward, as the Earl of Normantower, plays with the easy naturalness and quiet breeding which brought him into prominence when he was the gay Lord Quex during Mr. Hare's absence from the cast at the Globe Theatre.

**"ROSENMTAG,"** a "military tragedy," by Otto Hartleben, is one of the most popular modern plays in Germany to-day. It was acted recently by the German company at the Comedy Theatre. It proved to be an impressive piece of work, saved from mere nastiness by the strength of the author's treatment of his subject. It is essentially "modern"; its "realism" is quite "in the movement," but it is never gross, and is always artistically restrained. A young officer of good family, Hans Rudorff, is in love with a plebeian, a young girl, Traute Reimann. Two of his cousins, also officers, act the dastards. During Rudorff's absence these two—in whose care he had left the girl—take her to the rooms of another man, where she is found asleep early the next morning.

Of course she is innocent, but Rudorff naturally breaks with her. When, later, he finds, from the blabbing of two tipsy comrades, what has been done, he cannot contemplate the marriage with another woman that has been arranged for him, but prepares to kill himself. But Traute has guessed what is in his mind; she entreats him to take her with him. To go alone would be a deadly sin; together, God will forgive them. So on "Rosenmontag"—the morning of the Monday preceding Ash Wednesday—the morning when he was to have been married to the other, their dead bodies are discovered side by side.

It is very strong, very real in its treatment, very affecting and all that; but, like most modern tragedy—German, English,





and French—it is very maudlin. There is not the inevitableness about it which the ancients properly gave us. Why should these two kill themselves? Why should he not go to the woman to whom he allowed himself to be affianced, explain the mistake to her, and ask to be released? On his way to her he should have called on his two cousins and struck them in the face, as publicly as possible. After the duels, if he escaped, he should snap his fingers at everyone and marry. The idea of a young officer killing himself, and allowing a girl to kill herself, is soft and—modern.

Admirably acted, as is everything by the members of the company of the German Theatre, "Rosenmontag" held the attention from beginning to end. With all its faults, it is a striking and intellectual piece of work, its gloom lightened here and there by flashes of fun and humour and high spirits.

A SECOND visit to the sumptuous and beautiful "Twelfth Night" at Her Majesty's Theatre reveals new delights. On the fiftieth performance a great audience gathered, and Mr. Tree distributed among them a very striking "souvenir," a collection of portraits of members of the company in character, reproduced very finely in colour from oil paintings by Mr. Buchel—certainly a particularly handsome reminder of the occasion. Not that that will be wanted. In years to come, Mr. Tree's revival of "Twelfth Night" will be quoted by greybeards to their grandchildren as one of the most exquisite representations of Shakespearean comedy ever placed upon the stage. We who to-day censure our elders for telling us that there is nothing now in the theatre to equal the performances of Phelps and Kean and the rest of them will be doing exactly the same thing in twenty years, wearying the beginners with our praises of Irving and of Tree.

The charm and poetry, the fun and humour of the performance at Her Majesty's have increased with repetition. There is no sense of tiredness, of mere mechanism about it, although it has already been given fifty times. In the acting, indeed, if it were possible, it certainly seems as if it were even better than at first. There is a surer touch about the superb Malvolio, a riper richness of conceit. The two irresistible clowns, Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, are more roundly funny than before; filled with a wealth of boisterous by-play, the full coloured pictures of Mr. Lionel Brough and Mr. Norman Forbes are more spirited than ever. One word only of complaint—when Mr. Courtice Pounds is singing so sweetly, it would be more artistic and unselfish of these comedians to refrain for a moment from attracting attention to themselves. Miss Zeffie Tilbury is a delightful third in the trio; Mr. Pounds' Feste remains one of the most effective and attractive figures in the revival, there is a curious underlying feeling of pathos about the clown which affects one.

Miss Lily Brayton's Viola remains a charming thing—so expressive, so earnest, so natural and full of feeling, it is a treat merely to listen to her musical delivery of Shakespeare's glowing love-lines. Miss Maud Jeffries, relieved of first-night nervousness, has gained in authority and clearness as Olivia, and to look at she is a vision of loveliness.

THAT tall and graceful member of the Gaiety company, Miss Rosie Boote—who suddenly sprang into prominence by her singing of "Maisie" in "The Messenger Boy," justifying Mr. George Edwardes's foresight in

elevating her from the chorus—has a piquant method of delivery and an agility as a dancer which made her an attractive feature of the performance. Miss Boote comes from a theatrical family. She has already retired from the Gaiety, but it is said that after her marriage with the Marquess of Headfort she will return to the stage—but in comedy, not musical plays.

It is good news to learn that we shall not have to wait until Mr. Nat Goodwin brings over Mr. Esmond's American success, "When We were Twenty-one," to welcome him—the most promising of all the younger dramatists—as a playwright once more. "The Awakening" is to be withdrawn from the St. James's and "The Wilderness," a play by Mr. Esmond, is to take its place this season. This is a comedy of modern life, "with a strain of seriousness." We are entitled to hope, and we hope confidently, that this seriousness will not take the shape of a man being in love with two women, one of whom he wrongs and deserts, the other, whom he loves and marries. We can trust Mr. Esmond to help Mr. Alexander out of the rut enclosed by the "eternal triangle."

Having a great success, Mr. Tree of course is fidgeting to do something new. His energies being diverted for the time from the nightly programme, he is "cavorting around" to find some outlet for his superabundant energy. If it was not necessary for Mr. Tree to live, he would spend £5,000 on a new production every week. After playing a part for a night or two, our dramatic Pegasus begins to paw the ground impatiently, anxious to be off somewhere else. This fidgetiness is wholly to the public advantage. It is going to give us a most artistic matinée at Her Majesty's. We are to see a production of Stephenson and Henley's "Macaire," which has never been performed, and a revival of "Beau Austin," which Mr. Tree staged years ago at the Haymarket. In the former, very great additional interest is given by the promise of Mr. Cyril Maude to play Jacques Strop to Mr. Tree's Macaire. This will be a combination such as is seldom vouchsafed us nowadays. Let us hope this single morning performance—given in aid of the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund—will develop into a series.



H. W. Barnett.

MISS ROSIE BOOTE.

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Captain Basil Hood's comedy, "Sweet and Twenty," is due at the Vaudeville on April 24th. This is a little emotional play, simple in design, written to afford Miss Ellaline Terriss the opportunity of showing us those softer and sweeter emotions which have no place either in farcical or musical comedy. Such opportunity should be given more often to an actress who possesses the girlish tenderness and sentiment of Miss Terriss. Miss Terriss, Mr. Beveridge, Mr. Fred Emney, Miss Mary Rorke, Miss Vane Featherstone, and Mr. Seymour Hicks compose a very attractive cast.

Writing of "Twelfth Night" and "Sweet and Twenty" reminds us that one little set of verses of Shakespeare in the former work has already provided our playwrights—John Oliver Hobbes and Basil Hood—with two play titles:

"Trip no farther, pretty sweeting,  
'Journeys End in Lovers' Meeting';  
Ev'ry wise man's son doth know,"

"In delay there lies no plenty;  
Then come kiss me, 'Sweet and Twenty,'  
Youth's a stuff will not endure."

PHŒBUS.

## RIFLE-SHOOTING AND Two-eyed Alignment in Practice at Game.

SOME time in the spring of 1900 the writer was led to investigate the causes that lay hidden between the eye and the brain which enabled a shooter to make good his aim with the right eye although he could only see the object of that aim with the left. Years before I had published the facts in a manner which enabled many of those who read the description of what could be done to do it themselves with as much certainty as if the sheet of white paper which was fitted on to the gun muzzle was not there at all. But even celebrated eye doctors had written to the *Times* to say that two-eyed alignment was impossible as lately as last year; and this led me to write a description of it in this paper, as well as in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and in the *County Gentleman*. At the same time, I offered an article on the subject to another newspaper, and demonstrated to its shooting editor the possibility of aiming with the rifle by means of a right-eyed alignment of the barrel at a target only to be seen by the left eye. The possibility of this was at first denied by him, but I was successful in demonstrating the fact and stating the reasons of it. So successful that, instead of accepting my article, this particular editor made use of my subject and made it his own principal contribution to his own newspaper, and he attempted to illustrate the mental images by means of the stereoscopic photographic images. This method of illustration is not the best possible, because, although it is easy enough to show the single images of each eye, it requires a fake in photographic reproduction to show the double images as they appear together to the brain. The eye is something more than a lens, and the brain something else besides a sensitive plate; and although the photographs referred to were probably as good as could be done, they were not wholly successful explanations, because they failed, as they always must, to give the necessary values, as the artists call them—that is, the attention the human being gives to parts of each image to the exclusion of the corresponding parts of the other. The want of a thorough grasp of this fact led the particular writer into a pitfall, and he not only discussed double-eyed alignment, in imitation of that which the present writer had previously done, but he was punished for his literary piracy by treating his solid photographs as the real brain images. There he saw two material barrels, one on each side of his nose, and having seen that, he was led to assume the practical possibility not only of two-eyed alignment, but of nose alignment as well; and he fathered this creature of the camera upon that well-known shot, Mr. Walter Winans, who not unnaturally promptly wrote to disclaim the "soft" impeachment.

Now, as the present writer got letters from his editors complaining that such an exact copy of his previous work should have appeared elsewhere so soon afterwards, he wishes to disclaim the article in question, as well as the nose as a material aid to shooting. He would also point out that, although it is possible to shoot game without eye alignment of any kind, a stock, on the lines of a cross-eyed one, would have to be built to enable a nose alignment, and when it was so built it would have the disadvantage that no part of the two brain images of the gun and target would be superimposed on the brain—that is, that there would be no alignment by eye externally and no superimposition in the brain (or all nient internally). For these reasons, although the nose can no doubt be brought into physical alignment with the barrels, nothing that the eyes could see would ever convey to the brain the fact that it was there. The brain only observes that which the eyes focus, and everything that comes in exact line between it and either eye. On all questions of alignment, therefore, the nose may be treated with that disrespect of which naughty boys make it so expressive when they "put their thumbs into their nose and spread their fingers out." Indeed, that is all the only nose alignment which occurs in degenerate nature.

But two-eyed alignment is in use constantly by a number, perhaps the majority, of people who never heard of it, and who, like the doctors, would consider it a contradiction in terms. It would be wrong, of course, as applied to a photographic plate; but the brain is not a flat surface, and superimposition upon the mass of the brain must necessarily mean something more of alignment than superimposing two images on a surface only.

I have lately come across a practical use of this two-eyed alignment that is, to me, very interesting, and it will, perhaps, serve to raise the question above that abstract theory to which the nose alignment theory and other absurd offshoots are too apt to condemn it. Personally I can shoot sitting marks with the rifle and flying ones with the shot-gun with a playing card fixed on the muzzle of my gun or rifle; but Mr. Stockbridge has been showing me how he can, under the same conditions, hit pennies thrown into the air, knock the ashes off a man's cigar, and so on. All this proves a wonderful handling of the rifle; but a statement he has made to me of his experiences of big game shooting in the dense forests of North America in the dusk of evening and morning, has led me also to try the effect of a white card when shooting in the dusk of evening with a dark sight, a dark object, and a dark background. Here I find the trick of double-eyed alignment of great possible advantage. Everyone, of course, knows of the attempts that have been made, to invent sights that could be seen at night. Diamonds, white enamel, and electric sparks have all been tried, and, in fact, I have tested all these myself. I think the electric sight was the invention of Mr. Walter Winans, whom I have

already mentioned in this article, but the white pot sight has the advantage of them all, but it has the disadvantage of having to be very large indeed to be seen in the dusk, and also the disadvantage that it may be held against a background that is not black but only dusk from a position of darkness which makes white look black. In such circumstances the white card placed between the muzzle and the black fore sight gives very much better definition, for if the white becomes darker the black also becomes blacker. The card can be slanted at any angle to catch the light, and the alignment between fore and back sight is then much more easy than it is with any other arrangement. This only leaves the single difficulty of distinguishing the object to be shot at from the background. It lessens the total difficulty of shooting in the gloom very much indeed, for, as everybody knows who has tried it, when you can for an instant see your sights you lose the object, and when the latter appears distinct enough to shoot at, a change of light or of angle negatives the use of sights. With the white card behind the back sight you can always see the sights if it is light enough to distinguish the game, and the trick of using the left eye's brain image of the object to be shot at, in order to put the sights, seen by the right eye, upon it, has an advantage which can only be believed by those who have tried it.

I have already pointed out in these columns that which photographs have not yet taught, viz., that in order to succeed the eyes must act truly with one another, that is, there must be no double image on the brain when an object is focussed, and the shot must be taken only when the game itself is focussed. If the eyes should make the mistake of looking at the sights, the brain image of the point of the game to be shot at begins to duplicate, and the shot is hopeless. Really this obedience of the focus to the will, when there is a playing card stuck upon the muzzle, requires, like Mrs. Dombey, an effort; but it is one well worth making, for I do not hesitate to say the best rifle shots as the best game shots are those who use both eyes in shooting, and take every advantage of the optical perfections with which Nature has blessed them. Of course I know that very fine shooting has been done by the use of one eye alone; and when there is time, at targets and so on, there is not always an advantage in using two. But for quick shooting of any sort the man who can shoot well with one eye would shoot better with two if he learnt the trick of using them. I do not know any better practice for teaching the left eye to do its proper share of the work without attempting to drag over the gun to an alignment between itself and the object than practice in aiming with a card, such as described, upon the muzzle so as to block out the object from the right eye when shooting from the right shoulder. I should say that it is very much easier to beginners to do this with a shot-gun, when they only have one sight to attend to, than it is with the rifle, when they have two sights to keep in line with each other. The necessity for this in the rifle is apt to attract the attention, and when it does so the focus follows it, and then there is fog directly. Mr. Stockbridge has had the honour of showing off his feats with the rifle before the King, and although a good deal is apt to be said about trick shooting when an abnormal ability is displayed, this business of throwing up halfpennies and hitting them with a single bullet, when a card is placed on the muzzle, is really only a proof of enough practice to oblige the two eyes, brain, and finger each to do the work they were intended to do. Instead of relying on one eye, which is often naturally and necessarily blocked out from a rocketing pheasant, the shooter relies upon two, and the swing in front of game of gun or rifle never blocks out the object of aim.

Of course I am very well aware that the limits of an article of this length cannot do more than suggest causes and describe facts; but I must not repeat myself, although there is always a rising generation to be thought of; but to anyone who desires to examine into the scientific side I shall be glad to give references which will enable him to read up the subject. I may say what I ought to have said at first, that the card stuck on the rifle or gun muzzle must not be so wide as to prevent the left eye seeing past the left side of it. Its width, therefore, might be greater for further away shots. But to prevent mistake, if the rifle is levelled at an object, when the right eye is shut, the left eye ought to see the object of aim a quarter to half an inch on the left of the card.

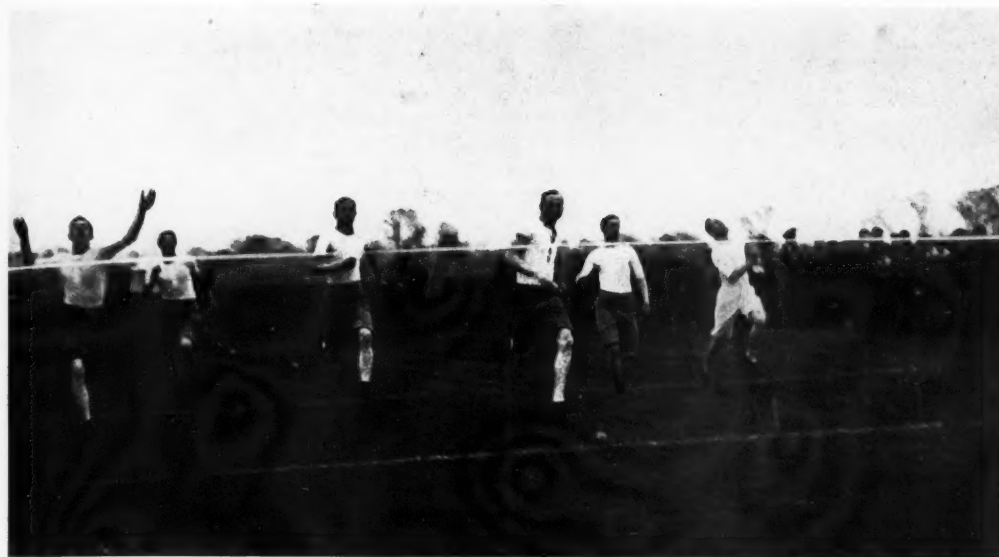
ARGUS OLIVE.

## THE RARITY OF . . . BRITISH SERPENTS.

OF all the numerous classes of animal life indigenous to this country which engage the attention of field naturalists, that of our serpents is, perhaps, the least studied. There may be many reasons for this neglect—for one thing snakes are not very popular—but there is no doubt that one very obvious difficulty is that they are not easily found. One encounters a stoat or a hedgehog without the meeting creating much astonishment. But if an adder or a grass snake should come under our notice, one feels the occasion is one to be noted in a diary. The slaughter of more than one or two in a few days in any given district, is pretty sure to be followed by a paragraph in a local paper chronicling the event. And when one considers the number of young that these reptiles have, it is somewhat surprising that more are not seen. Partly, no doubt, this is to be accounted for by the shy habit of serpents, their instinct being always to escape observation if possible. Their protective colouration, too, is another factor which assists them in eluding notice, but both these considerations apply to other species of wild life, which are more commonly seen. After making all allowance for these and like explanations, the fact remains that our serpents are comparatively rarely seen. And yet they are very prolific. The harmless grass snake or ring snake is oviparous, and deposits from twenty to thirty eggs in a season, in any place where the natural warmth and moisture of the situation will bring them to maturity. Very often a heap of manure is the receptacle selected. The venomous adder brings forth her young alive, generally, in my experience, to the number of about a dozen at a birth. In both cases the young serpents usually begin life in the autumn, but occasionally the eggs of the ring snake remain undeveloped until the following spring, and are then hatched out.

In the case of the rare third British species, the non-venomous smooth snake, the young are born alive as are young adders, and in about the same numbers, twelve or so to the litter. Yet the smooth snake is a rarity in naturalists' collections, and dealers are generally unable to supply specimens. Now, suppose that in a given area of a few miles, in a county where all three species are found, for example Surrey or Dorset, there are twenty ring snakes, ten adders, and five smooth snakes, at any given time, a very simple calculation will show





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THE FINISH OF THE SCHOOL HUNDRED.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

that in a few seasons, say ten, the serpents in that particular locality ought to be seen in hundreds. Such, however, is not the case, at any rate not to the extent one would expect. So that it is evident there must be some cause at

work which prevents such places from becoming literally infested with the reptiles. Most of the explanations which apply to our other wild animals do not meet the case of snakes. They are not objects of sport, and it is doubtful if they are preyed upon to any appreciable extent by other animals in this country, though I know of one instance of a heron being seen flying with a ring snake in its beak, and pigs are credited with partiality for adders. Still, it may be that young serpents of all three species are used as food by hawks—though I know of no evidence to prove that it is so—and some may be destroyed in this way. Certain it is that with the formidable weapon of defence possessed by the adder in its poison fang very few animals dare to attack him. The embryo ring snakes are in a more precarious position, as the eggs are exposed for two months to all the dangers of their unprotected state. No doubt many a bundle of ring snake's eggs are scattered abroad with the manure heap in which they were deposited, and perish from lack of warmth or actual destruction. Rats, and other egg feeders, probably account for a good many more. Those that survive, of all three species, have to face the severity of a British winter while still in their infancy. Most animals are born at a time of the year when their natural food is about to get abundant, but in the case of snakes this is not so. Their early diet is a matter of some obscurity, but probably they live on insects, slugs, and worms. A few weeks after birth the cold of winter is upon them, and their period of hibernation begins. Serpents are essentially the inhabitants of tropical and sub-tropical climates, and stand severe cold badly; and some such climatic considerations must be largely accountable for their destruction, otherwise they would be far more in evidence than is the case in most parts of England.

GERALD LEIGHTON, M.B.

## THE ETON . . . SPORTS.

IT is not the custom at Eton to devote one or two odd afternoons to deciding heats and to have a huge card of "finals" left for a single afternoon; the card, on the con-

Some idea of the size of this plain may be gathered from the fact that the Quarter Mile is run on a straight course, with ample room at each end; in fact a straight "Half" is, we believe, possible,

either across the length or breadth of the "Plough." Rumours are, however, afloat—and we believe that they are likely to congeal into fact—to the effect that a cinder path of three laps to the mile is to be laid down soon. With ample space at their command, the Athletic Committee provided a capital turf course, smooth and well rolled, while the management was excellent, all that is left to be desired being better accommodation for competitors, who are cabined in a small tent, which seems rather a shivery arrangement to protect them against the March winds that

sweep the veldt. The most important events, if we except the Mile, were left for last Saturday, when a fair number of strangers were present; but it did not strike us that the boys mustered



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THROWING THE CRICKET BALL.

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THE LAST HURDLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

strong, or were particularly enthusiastic, but last Saturday was not a day for any warm expression of feeling. The preliminary heats of the Mile were run on February 18th, and the final on February 20th, the turf track being used for the first time, we believe, in the history of the sports, as in previous years the race was run on the Slough Road, which used to produce somewhat bewildering times. The final took place on the 20th, with the following result:

Senior Mile.—1, Wilson; 2, Howard-Vyse; 3, Drake. Howard-Vyse led at first, followed by Cane and Wilson; halfway Wilson crept up to the leader, and both began to leave their field, Wilson eventually getting in front 80yds. from home, and winning by a couple of yards. Drake was a bad third. Both the first and second men ran in good strong style, and as the winner is



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THE START FOR THE SCHOOL QUARTER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

young he should make his

Caledon soon overhauled him, and repeated his easy victory in the Mile, though Wiggin ran a game race.

Half-mile (Open), March 16th.—1, Wilson; 2, Howard-Vyse; 3, Rouse. Another interesting match between the winners of the Mile and Steeplechase, but the "chaser" had not his rival's turn of speed, and Wilson won comfortably by 10yds., and in excellent time and form. If he improves as he gets older, he should be a veritable flyer. Time, 2min. 3sec.

Half-mile (Junior).—1, Caledon; 2, Birkbeck; 3, Shepherd. Once more Caledon proved what a fine runner he should turn out, by racing right away from his field in time which, as the *Eton Chronicle* says, "would have won the School Half-mile in many years." The said time was 2min. 8sec.

Putting the Weight.—1, G. W. Lyttelton; 2, Phillips; 3, Hodgson. Distance, 32ft. 9in.; but in an exhibition "putt" Lyttelton did 33ft. 9in.—a very fine performance for a boy; indeed, all his "putts" were over 32ft. Phillips just managed to do 30ft., but Hodgson got to 32ft. by a process that may have been "slinging," but certainly was not "putting."

Throwing the Hammer.—1, G. W. Lyttelton; 2, Fergusson; 3, Hodgson. Distance 80ft. The winner's next best was 76ft. 3in. Fergusson just failed to do 70ft., and Hodgson was a few inches behind him.

Long Jump (Junior).—1, Kenyon, *ma.*; 2, Caledon. Kenyon jumped 18ft. twice, and won with that amount, Caledon only 2in. behind.

High Jump (Junior).—1, Boles; 2, Batchelor. The winner jumped 5ft. 1½in., a very respectable performance. Batchelor cleared 4ft. 11in.



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THE LONG JUMP.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

mark hereafter. Time, 4min. 49 3-5sec. Time very good, as the turf was rather slippery.

One Mile (Junior), Feb. 20th.—1, Caledon; 2, Birkbeck; 3, Cumberbatch. Caledon led throughout, was never pressed, and won easily; 10yds. between second and third. Caledon has a fine stride, and runs generally in good style. Time, 5min. 18sec.

Steeplechase (Open), March 2nd.—1, Howard-Vyse; 2, Wilson; 3, Thomas; 4, A. F. Lambert. The course was a stiff one—three brooks, three ploughs (one in the last 500yds.), and six flights of hurdles topped with gorse. Howard-Vyse took the lead early, and was never afterwards passed, winning pretty easily by 20yds., Thomas and Lambert 10yds. behind. Time, 17min. 10sec.

Steeplechase (Junior), March 2nd.—1, Caledon; 2, Wiggin; 3, Birkbeck. Wiggin led for a short distance, but



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THE FINISH OF THE JUNIOR QUARTER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Hundred Yards (Open), March 23rd.—1, Morrell; 2, Hasluck; 3, C. E. Lambert. A good start, Lambert looked a winner 20yds. from home, but got left behind, Morrell being a short yard in front of Hasluck. Turf course, very slightly down hill, and a very slight wind behind the runners. Time, 10 3-5sec.

Hundred Yards (Junior).—1, Scholfield; 2, Kenyon; 3, Hughes. A fine race, which many thought resulted in a dead heat. It was certainly a matter of inches, and of very few inches. Scholfield came up in the last few yards. Kenyon, by the way, had just competed in the Open Hundred. Time, 11 1-5sec.

Throwing the Cricket Ball.—1, Drinkwater; 2, Wormald. Distance, 97yds. 1ft. The winner also threw 96yds. and 94yds. 1ft. Wormald's best was 95yds. 1ft., but in a throw which was non-suited he got as far as 99yds. His style seemed more suited to the purposes of cricket than the winner's, though all the throwing was creditably straight and was measured in a direction parallel to the true straight line, not by mere distance.

Quarter-mile (Open).—1, Morrell; 2, Hasluck. Run on a straight turf course, slightly down hill. The straight course made it impossible to follow the position of the competitors, but Morrell, with the longer stride, won easily by 6yds. from Hasluck, who had had all he wanted. Time, 51 4-5sec.

Quarter-mile (Junior).—1, Kenyon; 2, Caledon. A fine race all the way as far as one could see, but for once Caledon had to be content with second place, Kenyon getting in first by 2yds. Time, 55 3-5sec.

Hurdles (Open).—1, C. E. Lambert; 2, Buxton. Both these two ran in capital form, and took their jumps stylishly. Lambert, however, had the better pace between obstacles, and won comfortably by about 4yds.

Hurdles (Junior).—1, Caledon; 2, Garton. Caledon led at first, but three hurdles from home Garton passed him, only to be picked up by the other's superior stride. In the end Caledon won by 1½yds., but it was not wise of him to look back when he was nearing the post.

High Jump (Open).—1, C. E. Lambert; 2, Drinkwater. The winner cleared the moderate height of 5ft. 3½in., while Drinkwater could not get beyond 5ft. 1in., half an inch below the junior jump; but it was a cold afternoon for jumpers and their calves.

Long Jump (Open).—1, Bardwell; 2, Morrell. Distance, 18ft. 5in. The winner's other jumps were 18ft. 2in. and 18ft. 1in. Morrell was 4in. behind Bardwell. As in the High Jump, the cold weather was all against a good performance, the winner, however, showed very fair style, whilst Morrell's jumps were very consistent.



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C. E. LAMBERT CLEARS 5ft. 3½in.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

breed. Buffalo milk is known to be extremely rich, different analyses showing 7½ per cent. of fat, and, with skilful management, a pound of butter might be made from 13½lb. of such milk. But as at Allahabad both cows and buffaloes are kept, and a pound of butter is made from just over 14lb. of milk, it follows that the cows' milk must be very nearly as rich as the buffaloes'. It is strange that such different animals as the water-buffalo and the Brahmin cow should give such similar results. The only Indian milch buffalo I ever saw was a most uninviting-looking creature. Its coarse, mud-coloured hide was only just sprinkled with bristling hair, and its clumsy limbs and huge feet might almost have belonged to a hippopotamus. Perhaps it was not a good specimen of its kind, though it had crossed the sea in the train of an Indian potentate to provide milk for him on the voyage. The beauty of the Brahmin cattle—so well shown in the picture of the dwarf variety in COUNTRY LIFE of February 23rd—appeals to any lover of animals. The little bullock-carts at the Indian Exhibition at Earl's Court were among the greatest attractions there, and the cattle which drew them found a ready sale at the end of the season. As a lover of Jerseys, I have always been very much interested in these cattle, which appear to have many points in common with my favourite breed. The sloping quarter and the hump are, of course, great differences, but the beautifully-chiselled head, fine limbs, and rich velvety skin are all the same, and if fate had ever taken me to live in India I should certainly have started a herd like the Mem Sahib in COUNTRY LIFE, and tried to develop the milking powers of these beautiful cattle. Apparently, it is only the quantity of their milk which requires improvement; the quality is already exceptional. Is it possible that the Indian climate has anything to do with the richness of the milk of these cattle? Very hot weather certainly does not increase the milk yield of any cattle in England, but I hardly think the quality is affected in the same degree as the quantity. Is it possible that great heat is not in itself detrimental to the secretion of butter-fat, though it may cause a decrease for a time in consequence of the discomfort it causes to animals of temperate climate, unaccustomed to a high temperature? The same constituents in food help to give heat and to produce butter-fat. Is it possible that cattle like those in India, which for generations have required a minimum of heat-giving material, have learnt to convert the surplus into extra butter-fat? A few European cattle have been exported to India as well as to other tropical countries, but I have never heard how the different climate affects their milking or that of their descendants born abroad. Perhaps some Anglo-Indian readers of COUNTRY LIFE who have kept European cattle in India would give you their experience.—EDITH CORNISH.

#### TREATMENT OF OAK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Fumigation of oak is quite a simple process, and is the only way of procuring quickly what has taken many years in the old oak of the Gothic and Elizabethan periods. Place the oak with a saucer of liquid ammonia in an airtight a cupboard as is handy, and leave it there until it is the required colour. Some pieces will take longer than others. Some people require it darker than others. If your correspondent will then cover the oak with gold size, and rub it to the required brightness if he wishes it polished, he will obtain the grey colour of well-kept sixteenth century oak, which he can get—as far as I know—in no other way.—PHILIP THICKESSE.

#### HEATING A HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to a query in your issue of March 2nd as how best to heat a house of the size there described, I beg to state that I consider, as the result of experience, radiators to be the most efficient mode of using hot water for this purpose. The initial cost is more than that of pipes laid under floors, but the result is better, and the heating of each room can be easily controlled separately as a rule. It is, of course, impossible to speak with certainty as to the expense of a heating apparatus and radiators without a plan of the premises, but probably it would not be less than £70 for a house of the kind indicated by "Potsy." I shall be happy to answer any other questions on this subject to the best of my ability.—G. H. PHILLOTT, M.A., 13, Promenade, Cheltenham.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent "Potsy," I should advise him to heat his house with high-pressure pipes. I consider them the best for regulating the heat and also for neatness, as they are only 1½in. diameter outside and ¾in. bore. They can be let into the side walls with iron grids in front in place of the skirting boards. Radiators can be fixed if required and have valves for separate rooms.



#### INDIAN DAIRIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A few months ago COUNTRY LIFE showed some charming pictures of the English Lady's Model Farm in India, and quite recently the agricultural column of the Times contained an account of five Government dairy farms in the Central Provinces. Some of the figures given in this last account are so exceptional that I should like to draw attention to them, in the hope that some Anglo-Indian reader of COUNTRY LIFE may be induced to explain them if possible. Mr. Lockwood Kipling, Rudyard Kipling's father, has described in "Beast and Man in India" the ordinary methods of Indian dairying, and it is obvious that, in spite of the Hindoo's reverence for his cow, his treatment of dairy cattle is somewhat behind the times. The five Government dairy farms have recently been started to make up for the shortcomings of the native dairyman and to supply dairy produce to the garrisons of Allahabad, Yobupore, Lucknow, Cawnpore, and Agra. Though the milk yield is low—about 410 gallons per cow in the year—and the produce is sold below market price, the farms were all run at a profit even in a year of exceptional drought. The figures given show that this must be largely due to the extraordinary richness of the milk and the large quantity of butter which it produces. The average butter ratio, i.e., the quantity of milk required to make a pound of butter at these Indian dairies is 13½lb., or a little over 1½ gallons. As the butter ratio of good Jersey herds in Great Britain varies from about 1½ gallons to 2 gallons, and of shorthorn herds from 2½ gallons to over 3 gallons, while in badly-bred or ill-managed herds it may be considerably higher, it will be seen that this ratio is a very unusual one, and it would be most interesting to know what kind of cattle are kept at these farms. The only information given on this point relates to Allahabad, where 143 cows and 193 buffaloes are kept. Presumably, the cows are of the Indian humped

I know of two houses where they are fixed and have given every satisfaction. I have had them fixed in my place for about fourteen years, and so can speak from experience. I believe they are cheaper than low pressure, and do not require the same attention. I have about 160ft. of piping, and the average consumption of coke is about 4cwt. per week. The system requires no cistern, as when once the pipes are full of water the ends are sealed, and they only require filling again about once a year. The stove can be placed in the cellar, and so out of view, and there is no difficulty in maintaining a heat of 60deg.—R. L.

#### HOW TO CLEAN FEATHERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I shall be glad of directions how to wash feathers before dyeing, and also to dye them for tying salmon flies. I have tried washing them in soda and water and also soap and water, but the fibres never seem to go back together, in spite of my smoothing them out as they dry before the fire. I enclose some white turkey feathers to show how they dry after the washing process. I should be glad to know how to dye feathers the olive shade used in hackles.—RED SPINNER.

["Red Spinner" omits to enclose the feathers as stated. The best plan is to wash the feathers as little as possible, to use as little soda or soap as necessary—in fact none ought to be necessary at all—and to keep the feathers gently stirring, as they dry, with a fan, combing them with a small-toothed comb if they are too recalcitrant. A few washings or stirrings about in warm water ought to take the dirt off the feathers, unless they are very bad; and if you have to do much in the way of rubbing or scrubbing them, it is better to throw them away, condemning them as useless, at once. And do not put them too near the fire in drying. A dry air fanned through them, not too hot, is best. We regret that we can give no information about feather dyeing, and there are natural hues enough in the birds to make every kind of salmon or trout fly that is practically useful. Those excellent fishermen and writers, Sir Herbert Maxwell and Sir Edward Grey, are strong opponents of the multiplicity of patterns and colours for either salmon or trout flies. For patterns and feathers used in making them see "Ronald's Fly-fisher's Entomology," "Halford's Book of the Dry Fly," and so on—there are many of them.—ED.]

#### MODERN DWELLINGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In view of your recent articles on modern dwellings, I think the enclosed



may perhaps be of interest. It is a photograph I took in Ireland last summer of a very picturesque lodge or gamekeeper's cottage in the famous Glen of the Downs, County Wicklow.—L. R. GOODYER.

[It will be observed that this very pretty cottage is built regardless of the Model Bye-laws.—ED.]

#### MOTH IN FUR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to Mr. O. R. Brush's enquiry, perhaps Waterton's method of preserving skins, since it is so very drastic, may get rid of the moth. At any rate, it might be worth trying. It consists of dissolving bi-chloride of mercury (reduced to an impalpable powder) in spirits of wine. The exact proportions of the solution I forget. The fur is then dipped bodily into the solution and all air bubbles squeezed out with a piece of stick. The fur is then taken out and dried by being steadily swung out and fro in the sun or before a fire, and looks rather improved than damaged. The greatest care, however, should be exercised with the bi-chloride of mercury (*alias* corrosive sublimate), as it is a terribly deadly poison.—TAXIDERMOS.

#### FLOWERS IN A LONDON GARDEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have 150ft. of garden in the immediate vicinity of Lancaster Gate; can you give me any information through COUNTRY LIFE as to what kinds of plants are likely to grow (if any)? I should like something for house decoration, old-fashioned flowers preferred. Possibly there are some kinds of roses that would do well. The garden is 3ft. wide, with westerly aspect.—S. L. CONSTANT.

[We wish you had asked your question earlier, because a London garden more than any other requires a thoroughly-prepared soil, sweetened by winter rains, snows, and winds. Of course yours may be quite ready in this respect for the plants; if so, begin at once to plant, as there is not a moment to lose. Fortunately the aspect is good, and if, after planting, the things are mulched well and watered during hot spring suns and when dry winds prevail, the plants should succeed. Roses are forbidden; they are not town plants, except the beautiful Japanese rose (*Rosa rugosa*). Of this you may have the purplish type, a colour we do not care for, the pure white alba, the clear good pink, the double Blanc double de Courbet; but if your garden is fairly open, we mean facing the park or near to it, you might try Gloire de Dijon (a climber), General Jacqueminot, a crimson-

flowered hybrid perpetual rose, common China, the climbing Aimée Vibert, Mme. Alfred Carrière, a very beautiful semi-climbing rose, and Souvenir de la Malmaison. If you have any walls to cover, place faith in the variety of ampelopsis known as muralis, which clings close to the wall but is less rigid than the better-known Veitchi; and against the walls plant jasmines, choisya, variegated euonymus, blue clematis, wistaria (very beautiful at Holland House, Kensington), magnolias, common barberry, and Crataegus pyracantha, or fiery thorn. Of shrubs choose from amongst Cotoneaster frigidus, very handsome in many London parks, thorn, Acer Negundo (maple), and its variegated-leaved variety, but do not plant this too much; lilacs, weigela Eva Rathke, Hibiscus syriacus totus albus, a white-flowered late autumn-flowering shrub, Forsythia suspensa and F. viridissima, smothered with yellow flowers at this season; guelder rose, Olearia Haasti, a dense-growing evergreen and white-flowered bush, and laurustinus. Avoid all conifers and pines, and especially the Chili pine or monkey puzzle (*Araucaria imbricata*). Of hardy perennials, carnations, the old clove in particular, and white pinks are quite happy, and you may select also the autumn-flowering perennial sunflowers (*helianthus*), crimson paeonies, day lilies (*hemerocallis*), (*Eranthis* Fraseri, everlasting peas, phloxes (give these a moist rather shady spot), London pride (*Saxifraga umbrosa*), a very good plant for edging, Michaelmas daisies, Erigeron speciosus superbus, Japan anemones, wallflowers, antirrhinums (the white variety is very charming), sweet williams, aquilegias (hybrid columbines), aubrietias, German or flag irises—a great success in London gardens, pansies, Campanula glomerata dahurica (the clustered flowers deep blue in colour), Helenium autumnale, Hieracium aurantiacum, which has brownish orange flowers, montbretias, in warm position and sunshine, pentstemons, and plenty of bulbs. It is too late to plant bulbs now, at least spring-flowering kinds, but the galtonia, which blooms in July, will flower well. It bears a tall spike with snowdrop-like flowers. As you probably wish for an effect this summer, we advise you to buy some good biennials, Canterbury bells, snapdragons (get a good white, crimson, and yellow kind), sweet williams, pansies, the roses mentioned, and annuals such as sweet peas, mignonette, night-flowering stock, tropeolums (nasturtiums), dwarf and climbing, the single purple aster sinensis, coreopsis, poppies, stocks (you can buy these as plants), petunias, and zinnias. Or to form bold beds, Nicotiana affinis and N. sylvestris, tuberous begonias, zonal pelargoniums, cactus dahlias, and verbenas. In the autumn plant the garden with more permanent things, but it is too late for tree and shrub planting except evergreens, such as laurel, aucuba, Olearia Haasti, euonymuses, the roses, and the weigela.—ED.]

#### BIRDIE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In order to write the history of our little pet, it is perhaps necessary to say that I am living with Mrs. Hervey, Beechfield, Alderley Edge, Cheshire, as maid to her little girl. We were going for a walk one evening last July, when Miss Marjorie found a tiny bird lying on the ground close to the house. It had evidently but just been hatched, and must have fallen from a considerable height, as the nearest nest was in a pipe which runs round the roof of the house. We decided to try to keep it, and, having gained permission from Mrs. Hervey to do so, we found a quill, fed our pet with bread and milk, and placed it in a nest of cotton wool. We did not then think it could possibly live many minutes. Our astonishment was therefore very great to find, when we returned from our walk, that it was not only alive but very bright, and quite satisfied with its strange surroundings. I took it to my room that night, and, in answer to its cries, fed it two or three times during the night. From that time it grew very quickly, and could hop and fly short distances, being covered with a little coat of brown feathers, and so betraying that he came of very common parentage. But the word common could never be applied to our wee birdie. From the first day he was with us he carefully studied our words and the expressions of our faces, and soon grew to understand both, and, from the day he could fly about, entered into every detail of our human life with an energy and intelligence that at times would startle us, so very unnatural did it seem. When the room was warm, birdie was most particular about his bath, and was so vain that he would not show himself until his little coat was dry and neatly arranged. Birdie's chief point of observation was from my shoulder. Often when sewing he would fly to my finger, and, holding the point of the needle in his tiny beak, endeavour to draw it from the work, and, failing this, would set to work to pull out all previous stitches. He would fly away with needles, buttons, and hooks, and carefully hide them. He soon learnt his way about the house, and when we went to any of the rooms would quickly come in search of us, and, on finding us, would fly to our shoulders, fluttering his little wings, and chirping with great pleasure and excitement. He was extremely fond of lace and jewellery, and would critically examine any new thing, expressing either approval or disgust. Often he would stand over a thing and fight most bravely for its possession, even keeping three of us at bay; and often at meal times he would eat from our plates, but would eat nothing laid upon the tablecloth. We have a canary in the nursery, which whistles most sweetly, and so well could birdie imitate him that not the slightest difference could be detected. He soon changed his first coat of feathers for a very pretty one—it was a very glossy shaded brown, with grey and black breast and grey feathers on either side. Birdie managed to fly away through the nursery windows three times, twice returning of his own accord after being away two hours. But the third time, after sitting near the window for some time, he flew away to the orchard, and when night came he had not returned, and our efforts to find him were in vain. Early the next morning I went down to the orchard, and called him by name, when, to my great astonishment, he flew to my shoulder, and expressed the greatest delight at being found. Birdie's death occurred on January 13th. The children and I were playing with a toy train, and as usual birdie came to give us his assistance. How the accident occurred no one can say, but, chancing to turn a moment later, we saw our wee pet stagger and fall. Carefully we raised him, but all our efforts to save him were in vain; in three minutes he died. Throughout his life he never expressed the slightest fear, and so in those last moments he gave no sign of the pain through which he passed, only when the last brief struggle was over raised his tiny head, gave us one last bright look, as though he fully realised our deep sorrow, and with one cry of farewell fell back lifeless. Birdie, our sweet little companion, was gone, and all that remains to us are the sweetest memories and a silent little figure, which now stands on a cabinet in the nursery, watching with calm indifference all those actions which once could not have proceeded without his tiny help.—CLARA A. BEASLEY.

[We print this charming story of a sparrow in our correspondent's own words. Her letter was accompanied by an equally interesting communication from Dr. P. O. Walter Browne of Alderley Edge further setting forth and confirming the facts. The sparrow will remind our classical readers of the one immortalised by Catullus as *delicia mea pulla*.—ED.]